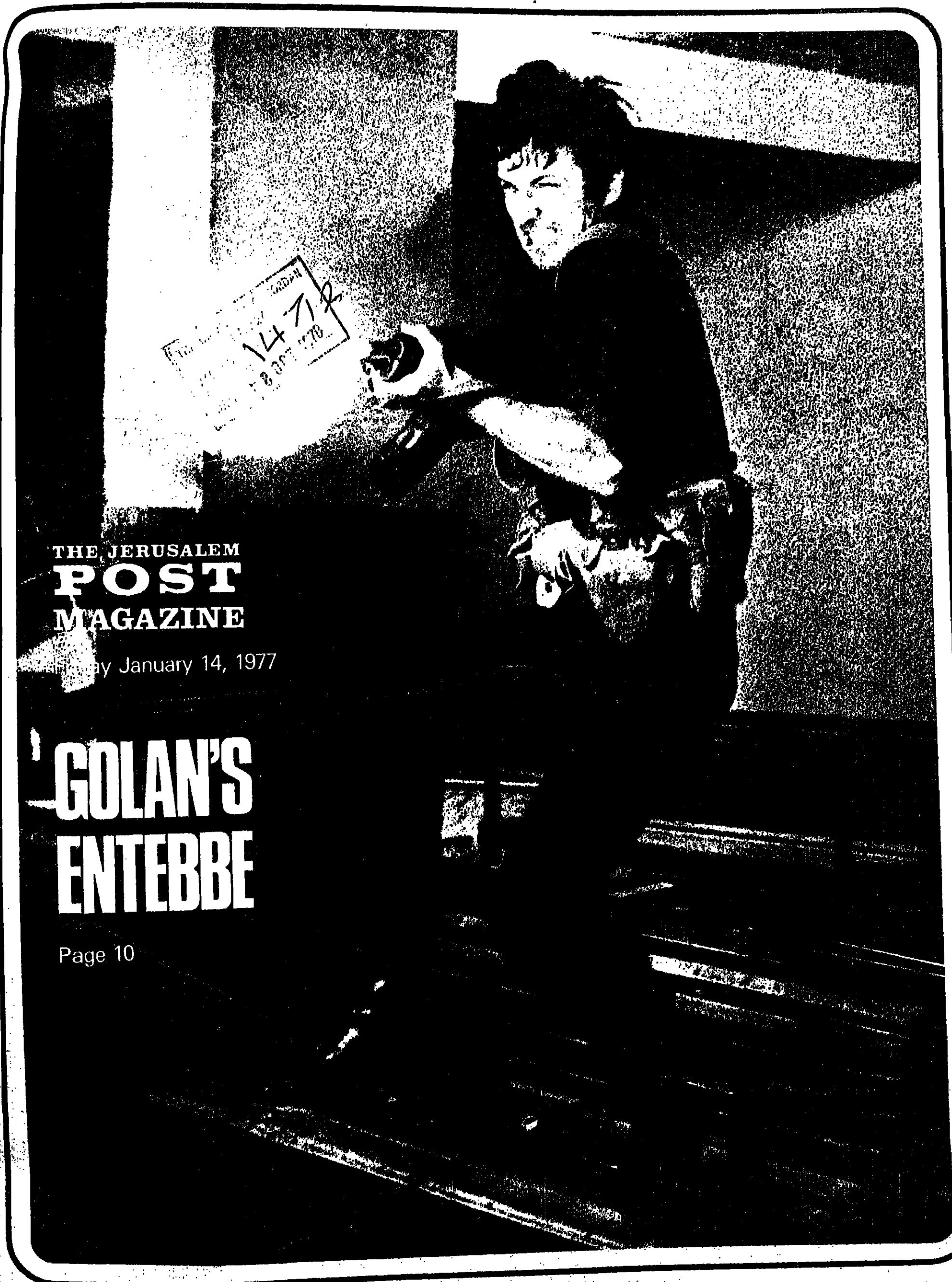


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THE JERUSALEM
POST
MAGAZINE

Friday January 14, 1977

GOLAN'S ENTEBBE

Page 10

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Cover Picture: scene from Menachem Golan's Entebbe film (Jim Globus).

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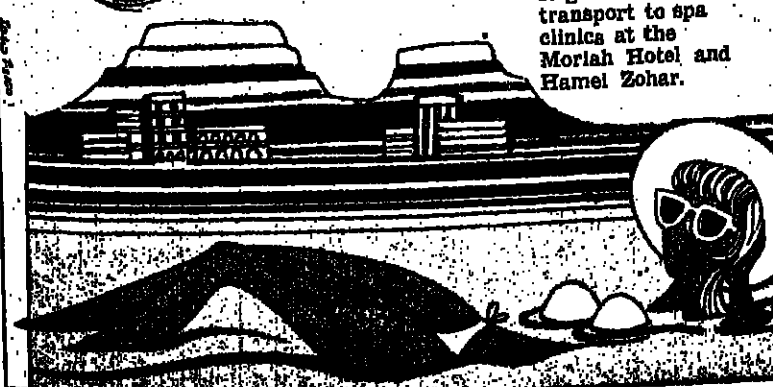
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"I'll say: 'Why not me? I feel I'm better than the other two. I can conciliate and inspire the party... Whatever the other two talk about — I'll talk about in my own way'."

Abba Eban laughs his engagingly schoolboyish chuckle as he contemplates the campaign trail that lies ahead: the Labour Party branch offices, the draughty halls, the smoke-filled rooms, the hundreds of party keymen whom he will try to persuade to vote for him, rather than for Rabin or Peres.

It is a sporting laugh, good-natured, keen for the fray — but not bitter about the competition, nor apprehensive of the outcome. The intense, all-pervading ambition to attain the premiership which used to impel Eban, to impinge upon his every action, seems to have seeped out of him. He would certainly still like it, very much indeed, but he has apparently resolved not to let his long desire for it turn sour in its unfulfilment, and sour him in turn.

His foes say he has always deluded himself, been blinded by his own ambition to the real state of play in the party. Perhaps this was true in the past. He certainly never used to betray anything less than the most passionate belief in his ultimate triumph. He would pooh-pooh the polls, the pundits, the odds. He seemed almost to believe that he was predestined to lead the nation — whatever the nation itself might believe.

Perhaps it was always an optimistic facade. Now, at any rate, he will readily if ruefully admit that "while many party members say they oppose my being out of the Cabinet, that is very different from saying they want me as prime minister."

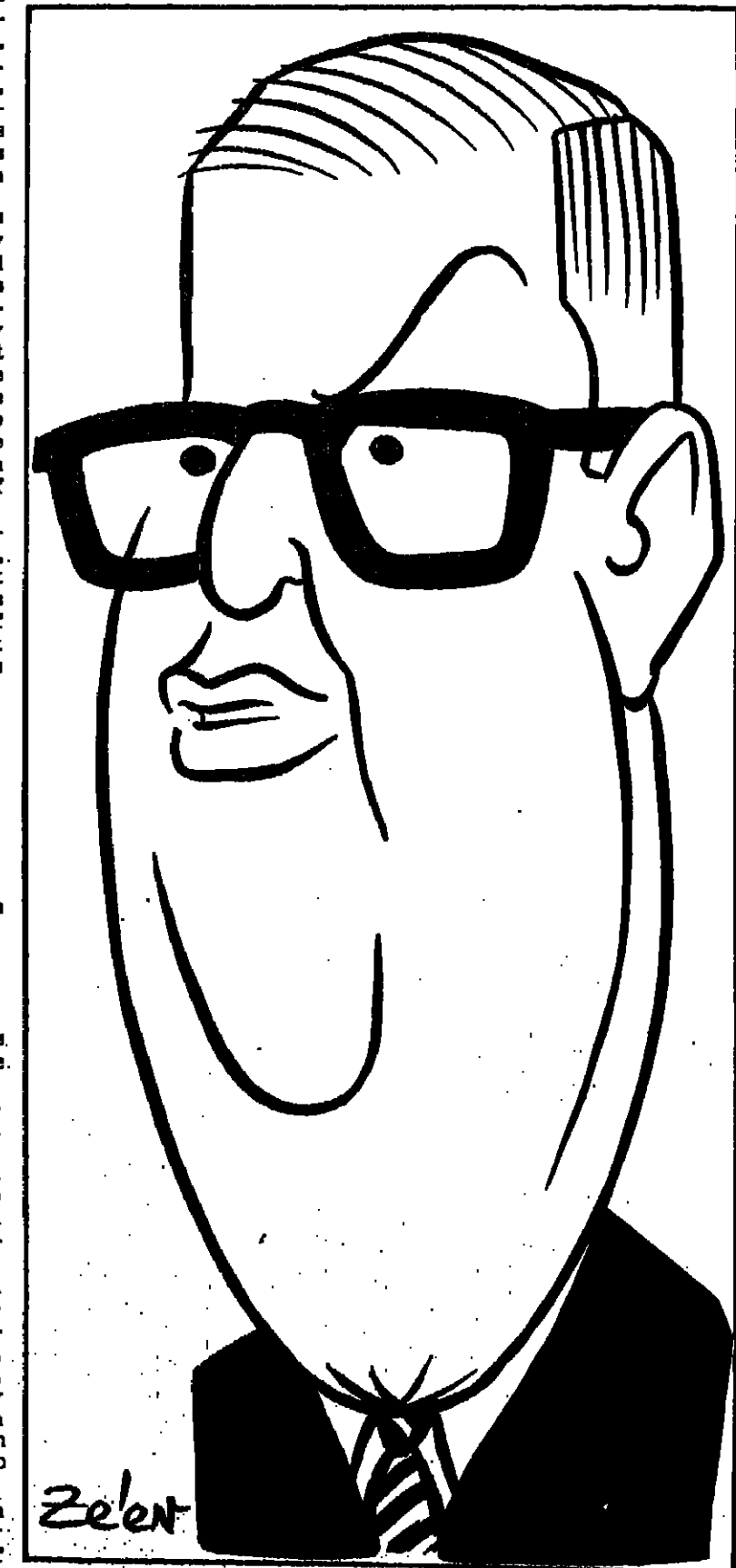
HE DOES not even automatically slap down the suggestion that he has put forward his candidacy as a tactical move to bolster his position in an eventual Peres-led government. "Look at the recent British Labour Party elections," he observes. "Everyone had to be conciliated; even Crosland, with 17 votes."

He has "not yet," he says, drawn up a formal agreement with Peres, though some of his supporters, and some of Peres', are urging that: "There is a lot of talk in the party of the salutary balance" of a Peres-Eban ticket. Peres lieutenants admit they face an uphill struggle: their candidate provokes distrust in Mapai quarters. A formal pact with the dovish, Mapai-loyalist Eban might allay some of that mistrust.

But, for the present, Eban is jealously insisting on the independence of his candidacy — and hoping for a lucky break, never to be discounted in politics, that would carry him to victory despite the odds. "There was an element of 'Cast thy bread upon the waters' in my decision to stand," he says candidly.

There was also a recollection from the memory of 1974... His burning humiliation then, the thought of what (he believes) might have been, still haunts him today. He had been one of the delegation of ex-Mapai faithfuls who made the pilgrimage to Kfar Saba to woo Sapir, but the Finance Minister was adamant: he did not want the premiership. Next day, party secretary-general Aharon Yadin and faction leader Moshe Bekam telephoned Eban. "This is your chance," they said. "Throw your hat into the ring."

EBAN'S CAMPAIGN



Abba Eban has put forward his candidacy within the Labour party because he can 'conciliate and inspire' the divided party, writes DAVID LANDAU, following an interview with the former Foreign Minister

"I canvassed others; it looked promising — and then, the tremendous cold blast from Sapir. We have got to stop a Peres landslide," he said. "Only a new, unknown candidate can do it. I can't afford to take a risk on you..." And obediently, Eban withdrew in favour of a man he particularly disliked, and who equally disliked him — Rabin.

"I JUST THREW it away. I'd have been much better off to stand, even if I were to have lost." Had he run and made a fair showing, he would surely not have been dropped from office with such callous indignity. Another of his reasons for running this time is "to create an atmosphere of contest, to openly challenge the thesis of spontaneous incumbency."

He believes the contest will do the party good, not harm. The public, "in its present nonconformist mood," will appreciate an open and democratic fight. No purpose can be served by pretending to paper over the cracks and present the electorate with a unified leadership, when every television viewer and newspaper reader is thoroughly versed in the party's ills and deepening rifts.

Eban extols the heritage of the last Golda Meir Government ("the war threat had receded, Geneva had inspired the nation, the Galut was galvanized...") and pronounces, "with massive understatement: the hope of national recovery has not been fulfilled under Rabin." He points to economic malaise, waning aliyah, rising yorid, friction with Diaspora leaders, diplomatic "deadlock," virulent conflicts in the Cabinet — and blames them all on Rabin.

"A prime minister's chief function in Israel," he goes on, "is to maintain an effective majority and Cabinet harmony," and Rabin, with his coalition in tatters, has plainly failed in this. If the Premier really believed that early elections were in the national interest, he could have brought them about in a dignified manner by simply tendering his own resignation, without wantonly offending the NRP and ILP, Labour's traditional allies, whom it must hope to woo back into a post-election cabinet.

If Rabin's aim was, as the pundits said, to advance the elections and thereby throw Peres off balance, he could have indicated as much, says Eban, "and spared us the sanctimonious talk about constitutional rectitude."

RABIN HAS qualities. But the ability to harmonize, to conciliate, to unify, to act ecumenically, is not among them. This ability is vital for a Labour Party premier, both within the party and vis-a-vis the coalition partners.

He pointedly does not fault the Premier for his role in the Ofer affair.

"But, nevertheless, this is bound to hurt us, especially if we go to the polls with the present leadership unchanged. I pointed up, long before the Ofer tragedy, the lack of personal solidarities inside the present Cabinet."

Eban recalls how he invited Ofer to his home for a drink three days before his death. They had not been close friends, "but he looked so miserable..."

Beyond the immediate tragedy and its aftermath, Eban sees the mushrooming allegations of misdeeds connected with party financing as "a volcano hanging over us." He points out, though, that

no one, not even Shmuel Tamir, has claimed to have actually uncovered a specific case of party misdeeds. If no such specific allegation emerges during the Yadin trial, he says, the issue will probably subside.

In general, he favours full state financing for political parties and the electoral process. "If the people want democracy, they must pay for it, just as they pay for religious services, education or anything else."

WHILE HE was still pondering his course of action a month ago, Eban recalls, a number of ex-Mapai stalwarts, among them the late Avraham Ofer, sought to dissuade him from running, predicting that he would win a mere 15 to 20 per cent of the Central Committee vote. They urged him, therefore, to throw in his lot with Rabin.

"But my reaction was just the opposite. I was buoyed by their prediction. I thought 15 to 20 per cent was pretty good, considering that I had not even begun to campaign."

In realistic terms—as Eban can tacitly acknowledge but obviously cannot say outright — the prediction implies that he might well emerge from the first ballot holding the balance between the two front-runners. (The common assumption is: ex-Rafi's 20-odd per cent to Peres, ex-Ahdut Avoda's 20-odd per cent to Rabin, and ex-Mapai's 60-odd per cent splitting three ways.)

Plainly, though, he cannot presume that his supporters would then automatically switch to Peres in a run-off, merely because he exhorted them to do so. Some, especially the doves among them, might revert to Rabin. Hence the finely-balanced calculation, among his own as well as Peres' supporters, as to whether it might not be more advantageous for both to strike a deal now and aim for a Peres victory.

At the same time, Eban thinks it is just conceivable that a deadlocked first round, with himself having done relatively well and the other two having taken their rivalry to the point of enmity, could prompt the party to turn to him as the only viable unifier.

Zadok, he is convinced, would not accept the job even if he were offered it unchallenged. The Justice Minister, Eban believes, like the late Pinhas Sapir, honestly does not want to be prime minister. Eban does not admire the Government's record on legal issues in the past two-and-a-half years.

Of course, in a crisis situation there would almost certainly be a move to elect Allon, also in the conciliator-unifier role. (Some Ahdut Avoda diehards can be heard audibly day-dreaming along these lines.)

ALL THIS, however, is in the realm of distant, perhaps far-fetched, speculation. It is much more likely that the issue will be decided between Rabin and Peres in a second ballot. If Rabin wins, Eban presumably has little to hope for. If Peres wins, on the other hand, Eban would hope and expect to be brought back to office as deputy prime minister and, more important, foreign minister again.

(The spectre of this prospect is already worrying a number of middle-rank officials in the ministry, whose rejoicing at Eban's departure was unadvisedly exuberant.)

Allon, who will doubtless op-



pose Peres' candidacy right up to the finishing line, would be conciliated, according to this scenario, with the defence ministry — the job he sought but did not get in 1973. It would be the first time for two decades that the portfolio was not in the hands of the Ben-Gurionite-Rafist faction — but Peres is apparently prepared to make the sacrifice. He knows that he would have to placate ex-Ahdut Avoda to survive as premier.

Surveying the broader pre-election scene, Eban professes himself sceptical at the opinion polls that predict inevitable downfall for Labour.

"I have a large family," he says, "and a wide circle of friends. Yet I have never personally met anyone who has ever been canvassed by any of these various pollsters."

Telephone polls must be particularly unreliable, he remarks, since they take no account of the very many people who don't have telephones.

THE YADIN movement, in Eban's view, constitutes an insidious danger to his party, because dissatisfied Labourites will feel "no renegade consciousness" in crossing the line to Yadin.

Having been easily worsted in a number of preliminary skirmishes (by Begin and Bar-Lev), Yadin himself would be best advised, says Eban drily, to say nothing.

"He hasn't had much to say, and he hasn't said it very well. His message has been thin to the point of emaciation." The movement is certainly having a snowball effect "but it is by no means an avalanche." Indeed, the list of the original 75 founder-members was something of a let-down. "It lacks resonance, elevation, cohesion."

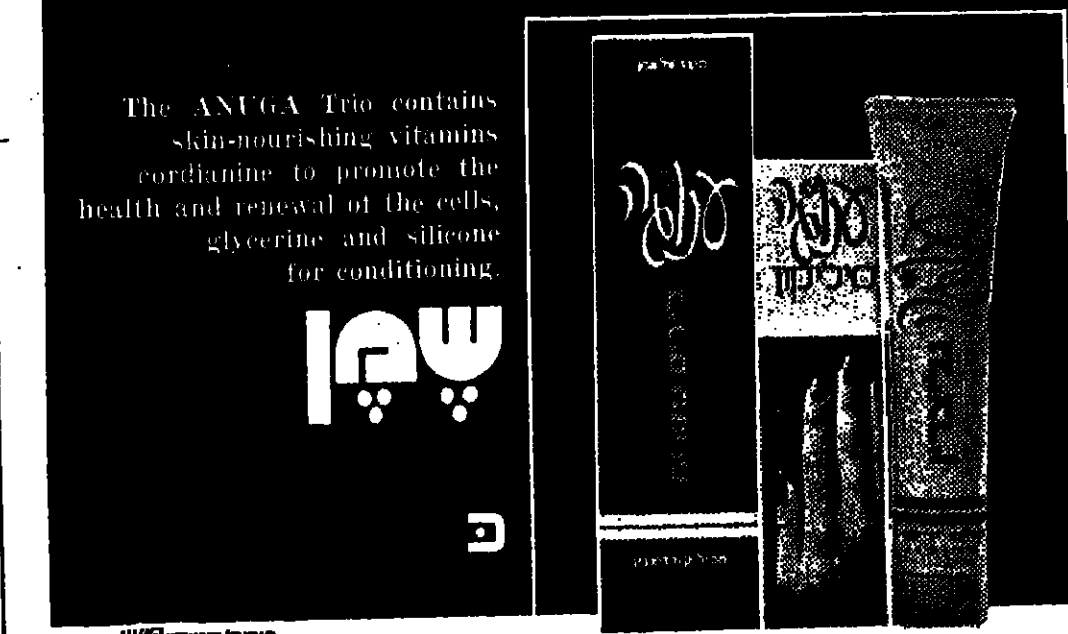
The enlistment of Shinui, however, was an important asset for Yadin. Amnon Rubinstein's party has both an organizational structure and a "conscience-stricken" quality about it which appeals to the public.

Nevertheless, to get 10 seats — as people are predicting for Yadin — you need 135,000 votes. Without traditionally reliable blocs, such as the moshavim or kibbutzim, it will be a difficult task for Yadin.

Eban himself has never entertained any thoughts of leaving Labour. His position, he says, is "paradoxical": he is a strident critic of the present party leadership, yet he believes the country's situation is "so troubled that only Labour, with its deep roots and broad appeal, can save the day. A group held together only by a pretension of personal superiority certainly can't." □



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הכזה מן האצל

IT IS THE considered opinion of Israel's Chief of Staff, Rav-Ahuf Mordechai Gur, that the billions of dollars Israel receives from the United States in military aid is a cheap price to pay for what the U.S. is receiving in return.

In an interview with The Post's editorial staff last week, Gur said Israel should not feel like a beggar or a recipient of charity. American aid was forthcoming, he said, because through its support of Israel, the U.S. has managed to attain an unprecedented position within the Arab world, the benefits of which far outweigh the costs.

"The Egyptians and Syrians know full well," he said, "that in order for them to achieve anything against Israel, they can only operate through the good offices of the U.S., and this — for the U.S. — is an important asset which should not be underestimated."

Gur, who is about to enter his fourth year as the Chief of Staff, illustrated the point by noting that prior to the Yom Kippur War the relationship between the U.S. and the Arab states was both shallow and fragile.

"Both Syria and Egypt were allied to the Soviet Union, while Jordan, which held pro-Western sympathies, had only marginal influence in the region."

"After the war broke out and Israel forces penetrated both Syria and Egypt, the U.S. realized that a new situation had developed whereby they could negotiate a series of agreements — ostensibly for the benefit of all sides to the conflict — but particularly for the benefit of the Americans themselves."

GUR, WHO WAS the Israeli military attaché in Washington at the time of the war, related that the feeling in the American capital at the time was that Israel should not be allowed to achieve too resounding a victory. It was realized that a situation of flux would allow the U.S. to strengthen its overall position in the Arab world.

"There was full realization in Washington at the time that America's position had been greatly bolstered by the fact that Israel forces had managed to cross the Canal and penetrate Syria's defences."

In the situation prevailing after the Yom Kippur War, he said, not only did the U.S. gain a foothold in both Syria and Egypt, but the two Arab countries which had always been identified with the U.S. — Jordan and Saudi Arabia — moved from marginal roles to key positions in the Middle East constellation.

The implications of this statement became apparent in the course of an analysis of the current balance of power in the Middle East. "Within the next year or two, the Jordanian army will become the most modern army of any Arab country," he said.

The Jordanians, who are supplied primarily by the U.S., have managed to amass a huge reserve of equipment for which it is now training crews.

"They have hundreds of armoured personnel carriers and dozens of tanks and artillery pieces waiting in store-rooms for crews," he warned. With the acquisition of improved Hawk anti-aircraft missile batteries, the Jordanians will complete the modernization of their armed forces.

TURNING to the Saudi Arabians, the Chief of Staff termed their military development "astounding."

"They are currently in the

A CHEAP PRICE TO PAY

Chief of Staff Mordechai Gur, in a wide-ranging interview with The Post's staff, says that the U.S. has managed to attain its strong position throughout the Middle East because of the billions of dollars in military aid that it supplies to Israel.

HIRSH GOODMAN reports. Photos by Sunphot and Rubinger.



process of building a second military town in addition to Tubug, which is itself undergoing continuous development.

"They are buying more tanks; more planes; more missile boats; more artillery. And they are establishing more army units."

"They are training personnel in the U.S. and in Europe, and are in the process of training crews for a navy which will soon have ships in the Gulf of Akaba, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf," he said.

It would be folly in the extreme, he maintained, to perceive the Saudi soldier in the schoolbook context of an unsophisticated tent dweller who is incapable of handling the arms being purchased.

"The Saudi soldier has the potential to equal the Jordanian as the best soldier in the Arab world," he said. "Both are of the same Beduin stock. And the Saudis, with similar training, could be as good."

"Saudi Arabia is building its

armed forces slowly, but the process is a thorough one. And I am convinced that with the correct training and with sophisticated equipment the Saudi Arabian army will be an outstanding one, and not something that we can treat

WHILE MILITARY growth in the rest of the Arab world has not been as dramatic as in Saudi Arabia, it has been impressive, he

said. During the October war the Russians made up for all the losses sustained by the Syrians, and rebuilt the Egyptian land forces in their entirety.

Since the war, the Arabs have been purchasing arms from both Russia and its satellites, and the West. Both Syria and Egypt have received "substantial numbers" of medium-range artillery (122 mm and 130 mm cannon) from the East, and advanced electronic equipment from the West.

Egypt, Syria, Libya and Iraq all have the highly sophisticated Mig-23 aircraft, while Libya and Iraq have TU-22 bombers which are capable of reaching targets in Israel and returning to base.

"Syria today has a much larger pool of weapons than it can possibly mobilize on the first day of conflict," he said, "while the Egyptians have re-stocked their land forces completely and much of their air force."

But he stressed that one cannot consider the potential of the Egyptian forces in a vacuum:

"It is impossible to exaggerate the size of the Libyan stockpile. They have some 1,300 tanks, but only 800 crews at most. They have the most advanced aircraft — Mig-23s and Mirage fighter-bombers, with hardly enough

addition to modern planes and tanks, the country also has impressive quantities of Scud and Frog missiles.

"Syria and Iraq together," he said, "are capable of transporting four armoured divisions simultaneously." This would pose a serious threat to Israel from the north.

WHILE THE ARABS have not managed to create a large-scale industrial infrastructure for the production of arms (apart from light weapons and ammunition), the Chief of Staff said that the overall military growth of the Arab nations has been impressive both qualitatively and quantitatively.

"When we speak about maintaining parity, we speak in terms

in the future. It would be possible to do this, he said, because we have the resources — both financial and in terms of manpower. Replying to charges that Israel's arms-purchasing policy was not linked to Israel's real needs, the Chief of Staff said that whether or not war could be prevented was, for him, irrelevant.

"My job is to be prepared for the possibility and potentiality of war."

He dismissed charges that a situation of mutual deterrence was developing whereby the need for conventional arms would diminish.

"I am not saying that a situation cannot arise where the countries of the Middle East will find themselves locked in a position of mutual deterrence based on nuclear power. This can happen. It all depends on the Arabs."

"The question to be asked, however, is whether this will take the place of conventional warfare."

"I state unequivocally that this is neither possible nor feasible. Mutual deterrence based on atomic power may have prevented a war between the superpowers. But atomic power has not prevented dozens of smaller wars, and we must remember that in terms of the superpowers we are still considered capable of only a small war."

GUR WENT ON to relate that a senior American official, whom he preferred not to name, pointed out to him that what Israel considers strategy on the local level is, in fact, considered tactical on the superpower level.

"On the international scale we have to see our wars as tactical wars, and a conventional tactical war thus becomes a distinct possibility."

On the basis of the thesis that in the foreseeable future conventional power will continue to play the key role in Israel's conduct of war, we are building up our armed forces so as to be able to deal with any conventional threat.

Discussing the philosophy behind the IDF's armaments policy, Gur said Israel has built its armed forces in such a way as to give the country the greatest degree of manoeuvrability to achieve its political goals, and at the same time ensure a large number of military options, should the need arise.

He disagreed totally with those who claimed that, in the post-Yom Kippur War reality, Israel no longer has the option of launching a pre-emptive strike.

"I have disagreed with this thesis in the past, and I disagree with greater conviction now. The army is in a position today to grant (the politicians) precisely this room to manoeuvre, to bring about a situation where a pre-emptive strike will be viable."

But he added that the IDF is strong enough not to have to depend on a pre-emptive strike in order to achieve a decisive victory.

"This strength," he said, "allows Israel to utilise political means until that delicate stage where a decision has to be taken about either a pre-emptive attack or a war by other means. All these options are open to Israel."

WHEN ASKED to explain what he understands by "secure borders," Gur said that the question of borders can only be seen in the context of the overall relationship which exists between Israel and its neighbours at any given stage.

"We have never taken territory for purely military reasons," he said. "After all, would it not have

been logical to defend Eilat by taking Akaba?"

Nevertheless, he took to task "those experts who claim that there is a relationship of diminishing importance between territory and the increased sophistication of weaponry."

"The more sophisticated weapons become, the more deadly they are. For this reason, armed forces have to have a greater dispersion area if they are to be less vulnerable."

"Advanced artillery shells, for instance, will be 60 times more deadly than those currently in use," he said, stressing the importance of tactical manoeuvring areas.

He added that one of the major changes in the Middle East since 1967 has been the tremendous increase in the number of forces.

"In Jordan, for example, there was a total of two armoured brigades prior to the Six Day War, one of which was always deployed in Rabat Amman in order to protect the king. As a result, it was possible to defend Netanya from a border which passed through Tul Karim."

"Today, however, the Jordanians have five mechanized divisions, 700 tanks and long-range artillery." It is blatantly obvious, he continued, "that under these conditions the defence of Netanya takes on new proportions."

IN CONSEQUENCE, he intimated, the return of territories can only follow a defusing of the overall Middle East situation.

"But here we are faced with a vicious circle. If we do not give up territory, they will not relinquish the military option. If they do not give up the idea of a military option, we will not give back territories."

"The ultimate question is who will break the circle. In my opinion one has to refer back to history for the answer — to what caused the wars in the past, and to what constitutes a potentially aggressive threat. That is where the circle has to break."

"It was one of the hopes of the Israel Government at the time of the Interim agreement with Egypt that the circle would be broken and the process of goodwill initiated. This has been achieved to some degree."

"If you ask me, one of the anomalies of the Middle East situation is each Arab state has 10 times more arms than it requires in relation to its size and objective needs. It is an abnormal situation, and one which has to be corrected before a widespread healing process can begin."

Gur did not see any contradiction between settling in the areas under Israel control and eventually altering the borders.

"It is impossible to decide in 1977 what borders may be agreed upon in 1986. What we need to do in the meantime is to continue strengthening the country, and the settlement infrastructure is important for our security."

"Even in the War of Independence," he said, "there were areas settled by Jews which were destined to be returned to the Arabs. This could very well happen again."

Until such time that the final borders are fixed, the Chief of Staff would be prepared to continue along the lines of the Interim agreement with Egypt — with a combination of early-warning stations and demilitarized zones.

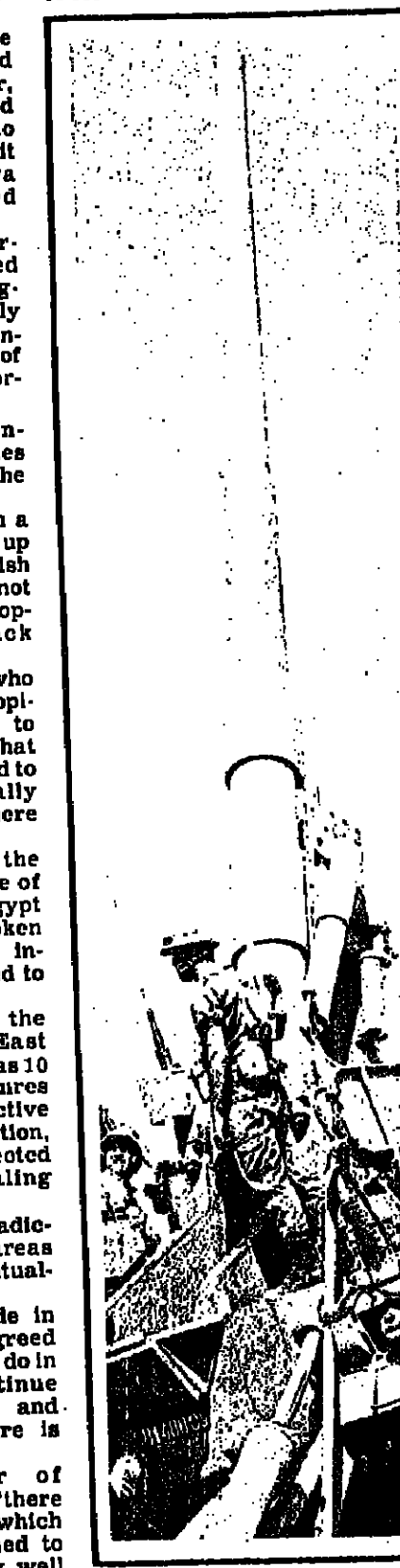
"I place great premium on the importance of early-warning stations in the disengagement agreement. They are an important element in a policy of non-aggression, and an important element of goodwill."

HE ADDED THAT a separation of forces results in a removal of "unnecessary causes of friction" between the sides.

"It is almost a case of absence making the heart fonder." He thought that the type of agreement reached in Sinai was one that could be applied to any frontier — including the Golan Heights, where it would be more difficult to implement.

"Success," he said "will be a function of the relative goodwill of the parties to the agreement."

Gur said that, in his opinion, the level which the IDF has attained was best illustrated during the recent events in Lebanon. "Our reaction in Lebanon," he said, in response to a question, "was a classic example of the correct use of force."



"When the Syrians entered Lebanon, we set clear limits as to what we would tolerate. When we sensed that there was a danger that these would not be kept, we reinforced our military presence in the area to make it very clear that we would not tolerate any unilateral action."

"The wisdom of strategy," he concluded, "is to make sure you attain your goals without resorting to the use of force. This was achieved." □

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LANCASHIRE LOTHARIO



THE ARABIC spoken in Nazareth is considered exquisitely funny by East Jerusalemites. I'm told, though it is, in fact, closer to Classical Arabic.

Their guttural pronunciation (Qatar, instead of the "Oxford" Arabic 'Atar of East Jerusalem) immediately identifies Nazarenes as country bumpkins. Communications were bad when Abdul Hamid II, the Turkish sultan, ruled this land before World War I. (He's 'Abdul the Damned,' the guy we loved to hate, though considering the regimes which the world has seen since his time, he should have been called 'Abdul the Fiddlesticks' or 'Abdul the Good Gracious Me.')

Settlements were isolated — the trip from Jaffa to Jerusalem could take several days — and this preserved regional differences in Hebrew, too.

Whenever the people of Rosh Pina were heard to say *Zbub behalab* (a fly in the milk), instead of *Zuvv behalav*, other Hebrew speakers would fall about in helpless merriment. Just opening their mouths turned the Galileans willy-nilly into red-nosed comedians.

JUST BEING BORN in Manchester made me a charter member of the slapstick club. Having a Lancashire accent, I always feel as if I'm expected to punctuate my remarks with "Ee, ba gum" and feel called upon to perform a clog dance now and then, accompanying myself on a ukulele.

Now that Her Britannic Majesty's Ambassador is an Old Mancunian (*The Post*, Friday, January 7), I expect all that to change.

There already are signs of a thaw: a member of Mr. Rabin's Think Tank hails from Manchester (which probably explains a lot); Israel TV recently featured Harold Brighouse's comedy *Hobson's Choice* and Laurence Olivier has just directed another Lancashire classic, *Hindle Wakes*, for British TV.

The most remarkable manifestation of the current Lancashire renaissance is a show which is playing to capacity

WITH PREJUDICE Alex Berlyne

houses in London. *The Fosdyke Saga*, like most of the entertainment produced today, is a load of tripe. In fact, it charts the progress of the Fosdyke family from their humble beginnings as Manchester tripe peddlers to their ownership of a multinational corporation, meanwhile poking fun at all those inflated sagas from Galsworthy through *Oswalds to Upstairs, Downstairs*.

Based on Bill Tidy's comic strip in the *Daily Mirror*, it tells how Josiah Fosdyke, "dedicated tripe visionary," catches the eye of old Ben Ditchley, the tripe tycoon ("One searching glance was enough for me. You can trust a man who toaks his shirt inside his underpants"), and inherits the business.

Sundry characters include "the legendary Lancashire Lothario" who, notwithstanding a bulbous nose and droopy moustache, has an amazing power over women. Five volumes of the *Saga* have been published by Wolfe and more are undoubtedly on the way.

THE IMMORTAL monologues of Marriott Edgar, performed by Stanley Holloway, helped create the stereotype which *The Fosdyke Saga* sends up so deliciously. In *The Lion and Albert*, Edgar tells of the sad fate of young Albert Ramsbottom who, while visiting Blackpool Zoo with his parents, is swallowed by a lion called Wallace. "Then Pa, who had seen the occurrence, /and didn't know what to do next, /said 'Yon lion's ate Albert, /And Ma said, 'Ee, I am vexed.'"

In *Jubilee Sovereign*, young Albert inadvertently swallows a golden guinea which his Gran gives him. Attempts are made to extract it: "Some were for fishing with tweezers and some were for shaking it out. /If they only got back a few shillings, /They said it'd be better than nowt." He's finally hauled off to a doctor who reckons that he can recover it for a fee.

"What, eighteen and six to get 't' sovereign?" Said Father, That doesn't sound sense, I'll tell you

what. You'd best keep Albert/And give me the odd eighteen pence."

Both these monologues depict folk who have a decent respect for money and precious little imagination. Others depend on Lancashire's reputation for stubbornness.

In *Sam, Sam, Pick up the Musket*, Edgar tells of a minor skirmish before Waterloo. A sergeant accidentally knocks down Sam Small's musket during inspection. Ordered to pick it up, the Lancashireman refuses: "Tha knocked it down, /Tha pick it up, /Or it stays where it is /On 't' floor." He produces the same refusal to lieutenants, captains, majors and so on up the hierarchy, until the great Duke of Wellington himself asks him, adding: "Come on, lad, /Just to please me."

Sam picks up his musket and a relieved Wellington orders: "Let 't' battle commence."

SAM OGLESTHWAITHE, a joiner and building contractor from Bury, has his namesake looked to a frazzle for sheer obstinacy. In *Three Apences a Foot*, Edgar tells of an old chap called Noah who comes into Sam's shop and tells him "that not liking the look of the weather, /He was thinking of building an ark" and he'd like some nice bird's eye maple to panel the walls of his bunk. Sam asks three ha'pence a foot for the timber but Noah feels that "a penny a foot's more the mark / A penny a foot, and when 't' rains come, /I'll give thee a ride in me ark."

Neither of them will budge and Noah goes off. When the rain goes on for 40 days and 40 nights, "folks said it was the rottenest summer that Bury had had for sometime." The water reaches his watch-chain and Sam swims off to the only dry land, which is at the top of Blackpool Tower. Noah comes sailing by in his ark and asks what price Sam wants for his maple now, and receives the same answer: "three ha'pence a foot." He sails off in a high dudgeon, leaving Sam "determined but moist" and only comes back when the water's up to his chin.

Noah repeats his offer and

Sam, just as mullah, answers "three ha'pence a foot." Pointing out that he'd better consider it final, Noah says "If 't' water comes up an inch higher / Happen I'll get it for nowt." "Three ha'pence a foot, it'll cost you / And as for me," said Sam, "don't fret / The sky took a turn since this mornin' / Aye, I think it'll brighten up yet."

ONE OF THE chroniclers of Lancashire character was the humorist T. Thompson who used to write in *The Manchester Guardian* more years ago than I care to remember. His style is exemplified in the story of two women talking about their husbands: "Yo don't want to let it get yo' down," said Mrs. Rogers. "Sam's just as bad. He turned out wi' my teeth in last Friday. An' all he said when Ah tackled him were, 'Ah wondered how it were Ah couldn't whistle!'"

Thompson took an unholy delight in the longths to which Lancashire phlegm would go. One of his finest examples was the story of Dick the knocker-up. (I should explain for the benefit of incredulous Americans that this occupation consisted of tapping on bedroom windows with a long pole in order to get people up for work in the days before they could afford alarm clocks.)

"There weren't a better knocker up in th' North nor me," said Dick. "Ah could allus knock th' one Ah wanted bowt wakenin' th' others.... Ah never let up till they knocked back at 't' window," said Dick. "Ah were once held up hawf an hour wi' Owd Billy Jackson. He never answered an' at the finish Ah tackled a bobby about it. We broke th' door in an' there were Owd Billy danglin' fro' a beam. He'd left me tuppence on th' table."

"It'd gi' thee a shock," said Ted.

"It'd have been more of a shock if he hadn't left me tuppence," said Dick. "Ah allus worked on a narrow margin."

THIS SEEMS to be the place to tell an old Lancashire joke.

A man knocked at a door in Widnes. "Is Mr. Arkwright in?" he asked the woman who came to the door. She burst into tears. He waited and asked the question again. She burst into tears all over again and disappeared into the house. Another lady appeared.

"I seem to have upset t'other woman," he said. "I only asked if Mr. Arkwright were in."

"Well, as a matter of fact," came the reply, "I'm Mr. Arkwright's sister, the other woman's his wife, and Mr. Arkwright passed away three minutes ago."

"Ee, I am sorry," said the caller. "Did he say owt about a pot of paint?"

THERE'S MORE to these stories than meets the eye at first glance. Dick and Mr. Arkwright's caller are direct descendants of the ancient Stoics.

They couldn't afford to be otherwise.

Nor can we. Given our economic and political circumstances we could do with cultivating more Lancashire imperturbability. I should like to recommend to you the words of a tablet commemorating a Royalist, Sir Robert Stirling, who lived during the difficult period of Cromwell's Commonwealth, and "whose singular praise it is to have done the best things in the worst times, and hoped in the most calamitous." □

Who killed Cock Robin?



CALEB'S COLUMN N. David Gross

I, said the Prime Minister, my motives not sinister. Without trust you go bust.

I, said one Party, once hale and hearty. I trained him too well and he brought us near hell.

I, said the other. At times he was brother. We had pacts, we had barter. We failed to present our own social charter.

We, said the collectives, for not providing correctives. Three per cent of the people ride as high as a stepple. Born both to serve and to rule, to preserve a mystique, we give account just to our clique.

We, said the innumerable public institutions, with our mutual manual ablutions. Our senior staff exclaim with a laugh that there's nothing perverse in helping each other from the public purse.

I, said the man who first blended the porridge, who muzzled the censor and let the ox forage, shrugging off all criticism with a yiddishist witticism: who sold his apartment to his own department, the bloated assessment being the work of his own clerk. Not healthy, but skoi!

I, said the just minister who, having held up a candle to the afore-mentioned scandal, said in accents yekkish that 'this was simply an aesthetic blemish. Was he so naive as to believe this would peeve the offender who'd leave? Had he put up a fight, he might have halted a blight. But the rot set in; the grapes of wrath on a rose-strown path.

Who killed Cock Robin?
I, said the sensationalist, who conducts a surgical probe with a twisting knife and plays half a fact against a man's life.

I, said the Welfare State that didn't come on a silver plate but, it seems, in a shmorrer's tin, and that gives more to thugs than to us simple mugs, but most to those that know those that sit close by the bin.

We, said the planners with our pink socialist banners, who turned a mercurial nation into crustaceans, each citizen's flat on his back. You can't rent your home but must buy it: *koi mamzer baal bayit!* So a house is not a home but a showy coxcomb and the price we must pay makes us work (or shirk) night and day. And we envy our neighbour who without a day's labour has sated his hopes just by knowing the ropes.

All the birds in the air tell a sign and a sobbin.

When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin. □

لقد ان الاصل



(Above and below) On the threshold of success: commandos burst into the terminal building.



Members of the rescue team, played by hand-picked paratroopers, relax on the seven-hour flight.



The most expensive movie ever to be made in this country is Israel's own version of the great rescue carried out last July. SOPHIE KAHN reports on "Entebbe — Operation Thunderbolt." Photographs: Jim Globus

TEL AVIV ENTEBBE

AS SOON AS it happened, film companies here and abroad knew that the Entebbe mission was a gold-mine. But time was of the essence: the first Entebbe movie to hit the market would be the one to strike it rich. The race to the screen began.

Within a week of the raid, dozens of films were being planned in various parts of the world. They ranged from TV documentaries to action extravaganzas. And since it was hardly feasible to make them without authoritative information and guidance, if not actual assistance, requests for the cooperation of the Israel Government began to swamp the Film Centre of the Commerce and Industry Ministry in Jerusalem.

The government decided to cooperate exclusively with the highest bidder among the foreign companies, Warner Brothers, but the American company cancelled its option and took a short cut to the screen with a hurriedly-taped television drama, *Victory at Entebbe*, made in the United States and starring Elizabeth Taylor and Burt Lancaster.

Warner's withdrawal was a blow to the Israeli film industry, but it meant that the way was now clear for other film-makers on the Entebbe trail.

MENACHEM GOLAN jumped at the chance to make the first Israeli version of the rescue mission. Quick as a flash, he got together a group of German-American investors, headed by the California-based movie tycoon, Irving Levin. This ardent Zionist entered a partnership with Golan for a total budget of \$2.6m. — the most expensive Israeli picture to date.

Clarke Reynolds was called from Hollywood to begin work on the screenplay, aided by three Israeli military writers, with a senior army officer as advisor. Sets were built and actors hired, and by the time the script was okayed by the military censor, Golan was ready to begin filming.

But there was a snag. He was entitled, under the regulations for incentives to local film producers, to rent from the army any military equipment he might require; but his requests for Phantoms, Hercules C-130s helicopters and a variety of military vehicles, uniforms and weapons met with no response because the government was still bogged down in the controversy over Warner's exit.

There was another, unofficial reason for the procrastination: while Golan is unquestionably the country's top producer, there was not a similar consensus about his ability as a director, and some officials were querying his right to direct a film of such national importance.

Even when the cameras do start rolling, on November 2, there were several weeks of suspense before the minister of defence instructed the army to cooperate fully with Golan. Indeed, Shimon Peres agreed to playing his own part in the film as did the prime minister, the foreign minister and the chief of staff, all of them in a "documentary" manner, either in the Knesset or at work in their offices.

The majority of 80 actors and several hundred extras in *Operation Thunderbolt* are Israelis, the stars including: Gila Almagor, Assaf Dayan, Yosef Gruber, Ari Levi and Shoshik Shani. Rachel Marcus, widow of the poet Nathan Alterman, plays the part of Dora Bloch. The foreign members of the cast include Klaus Kinski and Sybil Danning as the German terrorists.

MOST OF THE boys who appear in the film as commandos are re-enacting their real-life jobs: they are paratroopers, hand-picked by a general to play in the movie. "They know how to move and how to fight," says Golan. "It would be impossible to train actors or extras to do what they do."

One of the casting problems was the Ugandans. The Jamaican actor, Mark Heath, heavily padded, makes a convincing Idi Amin, but Golan would have had a big headache had he not been able to enlist a contingent of blacks who happen to be living in Israel.

In order to guarantee a completion date to his distributors, Golan has had to work fast. Two full-sized units, com-

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POST PULLOUT GUIDE

The Poster

ENTERTAINMENT

Jerusalem (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Tuesday)
ADAM AND HAVAI — Musical comedy by Yonatan Gefen. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalel, Saturday at 9 p.m.)
EVENING OF JAZZ — Dani Gottfried, piano, Aharon Kaminski, drums, Victor Fostor, bass. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Wednesday at 9.30 p.m.)
ISRAELI FOLKLORE — With the Hora dance group. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
MUSICAFFE — Singers and musicians from around the world. (Tsavta, 38 King George, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)

Haifa
SHALOM ALEICHEM FESTIVAL — The best works of the Yiddish author performed in English by Heinz Bernard and Michael Schneider. (King David Hotel, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)
YOUR PEOPLE ARE MINE — Pop musical in English. (YMCA, King David St., Saturday at 9 p.m.)

Tel Aviv
ADAM AND HAVAI — (Tsavta, 30 Ibn Gviri, Tuesday at 9 p.m.)
ARIK LAVIE — Songs and entertainment. (Bat Dor Theatre, 30 Ibn Gviri, Saturday)
AVI TOLEDANO — In his new show "La Bohème" the songs of Charles Aznavour. (Bat Dor Theatre, tonight at 9.30 and 11.30; Sar Sela, Saturday at 9 p.m.; Recanati Hall, Tel Aviv Museum, Monday at 9 p.m.)
GADI YAGIL — In a new musical comedy "My Country, I've Waited For You." Written by Dan Almogor, Dan Ravich, Yael Silberg, Dudu Topaz and Yonatan Gefen. (Beit Hahayal, Weizmann and Pinkus, Monday at 8.40 p.m.; Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Beilinson, Wednesday at 9 p.m.)
HAGAHASH HANIVER FESTIVAL — The comedy trio in an evening of satirical skills.

Other Towns
ADAM AND HAVAI — (Holon, Rina, tonight at 9.30)
ARIK LAVIE — (Kfar Hecsa, Beit Ha'am, tonight)
GADI YAGIL — (Kfar Vitkin, Beit Ha'am, Saturday at 9.15 p.m.)
HAGAHASH HANIVER FESTIVAL — (Herzliya, David, tonight)
THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT — With Lily Gortlikay, Yona Atari, Nira Rabinovitch and Sassy Keshet. (Kiryat Bialik, Sayvon, tonight; Pardess Hanna, Dekel, Sunday; Rehovot, Beit Ha'am, Monday; Petah Tikva, Hichal, Wednesday)

MUSIC
All events start at 8.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.
Jerusalem
TEL AVIV QUARTET — Quartet by Haydn (Opus 74, No. 2); Beier (first performance); Schumann (Opus 41, No. 8 in A). (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Sunday)
MINDRU KATZ — Sonatas by Beethoven ("Moonlight," Opus 31, No. 2, "Hammerklavier," Opus 106, No. 2). (Targ Music Centre, Elin Karem, Monday, Special United Tours bus from office near King David Hotel at 7.30 p.m., from King Hotel at 7.45 p.m., from Mount Herzl at 8 p.m. Return trip assured)
CLAUDE FRANK — Seminar on the interpretation of Beethoven's Sonatas and Concertos. (Jerusalem Music Centre, Mishkenot Sha'ananim, Thursday from 6.30 p.m. to 8.30 p.m. For invitations call 02-228882)
VERA WHIDMANN, violin, ELI FREUD, organ and harpsichord — Works by Bach, Handel and Haydn. (International Evang. Church, Rehov Hanevi'im, Saturday)

Tel Aviv
MINDRU KATZ — Details as for Jerusalem.
Jerusalem
ISRAELI PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA — Subscription Concert No. 4, George Singer conducting scenes from "Boris Godunov" by Mussorgsky. Semi-staged by Raffaele Ariu, with soloists and choir. (Mann Auditorium, Series 3, Saturday; Series 4, Tuesday; Series 5, Thursday)
YOUTH CONCERT — Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Camille Koltchinskaya, with Peretz Yaron, flute; Solo: Suite No. 2; Greg: "Peer Gynt" Suite No. 1; Kodaly: "Hary Janos" Suite. (Mann Auditorium, Monday at 5.30 p.m.)
MARK DROBINSKY, cello, ALEXANDER BARNOVITCH, piano — Works by Beethoven, Stravinsky, Alotin, Rabinovitch, Boccherini. (Tel Aviv Museum, Tuesday)

Haifa
TEL AVIV QUARTET — Details as for Jerusalem, for the Haifa Chamber Music Society. (Beit Harote, Saturday)
THE ISRAELI STRING ENSEMBLE — Concert No. 2, "Old before New" (Haifa Auditorium, Wednesday)

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After a long absence from show business Arik Einstein is now on tour with "People Love to Sing."

THEATRE

All programmes are in Hebrew unless otherwise stated.
Jerusalem
ROESMAN AND LENA — Athol Fugard's play translated by Shimon Levi. With Shulamit Adar, Zoharah Triet and Helmi Bernhardt. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Saturday at 9.30 p.m.)
THE EMIGRANTS — About two men looking to the West, one with intellectual aspirations the other with the idea of making money. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Saturday and Monday at 8.30 p.m.)
THE FALL — Albert Camus' play translated and directed by Nihai Nital. Produced by Te'atron. (Pargod Pocket Theatre, 94 Bezalel, Thursday at 9.30 p.m.)
THE IDIOT — The Khan Theatre's production based on the book by Dostoyevsky. Translated and adapted by Ian Ronnen. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalel, Tuesday)

FLOPPY — Pictures From a Family Album — The Khan's new production directed by Hillel Ne'eman, written by Nephthali Yavin. (Khan, opposite Railway Station, Thursday)
SERVANT OF TWO MASTERS — Commedia Dell'Arte by Goldoni; produced by the Khan Theatre. (Beit Ha'am, 11 Bezalel, Wednesday)

VARIATIONS ON THE LONELINESS OF WOMAN — By Yisrael Cheveroni. With Carmela Gai and Yehuda Ben-Khor. (Tsavta, 38 King George, Saturday at 9 p.m.)
Tel Aviv
ALL MY SONS — Arthur Miller's play about World War II war profiteers, produced by the Cameri Theatre. (Cameri, 101 Disengoff, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)
BLUFF — Cabaret show by Hatul directed by Ken Globus, with Nahum Shalit and Nava Golden. Depicts a hypothetical (?) situation in which this country is economically and socially bankrupt. (Pundak Haruhot, Disengoff, Saturday at 9 p.m.)

THE EMIGRANTS — (Tsavta, 38 King George, Saturday and Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)
EQUUS — Peter Shaffer's famous play about the boy who gouged the eyes of five horses, here after fabulous success all over the world. The staging by British director Peter James falls to generate the passion without which the play has little meaning. (Cameri, 101 Disengoff, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)
THE IDIOT — (Nahmani Hall, 4 Nahmani, Saturday)

AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA — Satirical comedy written by Shlomo Sagie about an Israeli seeking his fortune in America, with Ya'acov Bodo, Ushik Levi, Rachel Dayan, Shmuel Kaidron, Martha Rosell and Avram Hofman. Production by the Lilith Theatre. (Ohel, Beit Arlosoroff, 6 Beilinson, Monday at 8.30 p.m.)
THE ITALIAN STRAW HAT — A hilarious non-sensical French farce moving at dizzying

Haifa
THE IDIOT — (Shavit Theatre, 3 Harport, Sunday and Monday at 9 p.m.)
FLOPPY — (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevsner, Sunday at 8.30 p.m.)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? — A revival of Habimah's great hit of several years back, with same cast, same director, Hy Kalus. Miriam Zohar plays the man-sitting bitch, and Miriam Zohar her hapless professor-husband. (Haifa Municipal Theatre, 50 Pevsner, Saturday, Monday through Thursday at 8.30 p.m.)

Other Towns
ALL MY SONS — (Dimona, Tuesday; Eilat, Wednesday and Thursday)
CHEKHOV I, 2, 3 — Beersheba Theatre production of three one-act plays by Chekhov. (Netivot, Wednesday)
EQUUS — (Kiryat Shmona, Shmear, Sunday)

THE HOUSE OF BERNARDA ALBA — By Garcia Lorca. Stark story about a house inhabited by a widow and her sex-starved daughters, set against the forbidding landscape of rural Spain. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, Saturday through Tuesday)
AN ISRAELI IN AMERICA — (Nahariya, Haifa, tonight at 9; Kiryat Haim, Haifa, Saturday at 8.30 p.m.; Hadera, Net, Wednesday at 8.30 p.m.)

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FOR CHILDREN

THE RETURN — A new Beersheba Theatre production. (Beersheba, Wednesday and Thursday)
TWELFTH NIGHT — Shakespeare's frolic play with a large, all-male cast. Produced by the Beersheba Theatre. (Beersheba, Saturday through Tuesday)

THE KEYHOLE AND THE STORY OF COLOURS — Two mixed-media plays by the Kav Players. For children 3-8 (Tel Aviv, Beit Lessa, Saturday at 11 a.m.; Olvatayim, Beit Rishonim, Saturday at 4.30 p.m.)

THE LEGEND OF ROBIN HOOD — Play (Haifa, Beit Abba Koushky, 71 Silber, Saturday at 11 a.m.)

DANCE

THE ISRAELI BALLET — Romances (Domi Reiter Sefer); Fas De Trois (George Balanchine); Homage to Jerome Robbins (Yakov Sharir); Electro-Bach (Felix Blaska) (Beit Cultural Hall, Monday)

RECORDS

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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1977

הכרזה מן האל

Tel Aviv Cinemas

Commencing Saturday, January 15, 1977

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MEIRO GOLDWYN MAYER

A CARLO PONTI PRODUCTION

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OF BOBIS PASTERNAK'S

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DOCTOR ZHIVAGO

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THE CANDIDATE

ROBERT REDFORD

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4.30, 7.15, 9.30

CINEMA ONE

4.30 - 7.00, 9.30

5th week

MANAHEM GOLAN

presenting:

GABI AMRANI

ESTHER Tel. 225610

2nd week

I WILL ... I WILL ... FOR NOW

ELLIOTT GOULD

DIANE KEATON

Adults Only

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GAT Tel. 267888

27th week

HENRY LUBITZSON'S

outstanding suspense comedy

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

CAROL LOMBARD

JACK BENNY

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

GORDON Tel. 244778

3rd week

The Lost Honour of Katharina Blum

BASED ON THE PRIZENOVICH NOVEL BY HEINRICH BOLL

In German at 4.30 p.m.

In English at 7.15 & 9.30 p.m.

In German at 4.30 p.m.

In English at 7.15 & 9.30 p.m.

ORION Tel. 252288

3rd week

RAID ON ENTERBBE

CHARLES BRONSON

PETER FINCH

MARTIN BALSAM

8.30, 6.15, 6.15

Please be on time.

DRIVE-IN CINEMA Tel. 471177

Presenting from SAT. 10.1.77 FOR ONE WEEK:

PHANTOM KID

At 7.30 - 9.30

HIS CIA CODE NAME IS CONDO

IN THE NEXT SEVENTY-TWO HOURS

ALMOST EVERYONE HE TRUSTS WILL TRY TO KILL HIM.

IF GOD WITNESSES

THE GOD STATE OF AMERICA

ROBERT REDFORD

FAYE DUNAWAY

CLIFF ROBERTSON

MAX VON SYDOW

A STUNNING PICTURE FILM

3 DAYS OF THE CONDO

JOHN HOUSEMAN

ESTHER Tel. 225610

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DEKEL Tel. 463116/6

4th week

4.30 - 7.15 - 9.30

OSCAR

BARRY LYNDON

STANLEY KUBRICK

"RYAN O'NEAL"

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Sat. and all week: 6 and 8.30

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* MALCOLM McDOWELL

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ACES HIGH

Peter Firth - David Wood

MOGRABI Tel. 298881

PETER SELLERS

The all-new adventures of the world's most bumbling detective

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PETER SELLERS

BLAKE EDWARDS

THE PINK PANTHER STRIKES AGAIN

PARIS Tel. 288606

4th week

10 - 12 - 2 - 4 - 7.15 - 9.30

SEBASTIAN FRADKOFF

presenting

LA BULLE

A Film By RAPHAEL REBIBO

ORLY Tel. 81868

4th week

Claude Lelouch's film

UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME

with ANOUK ALMEY

JEAN LOUIS TRINTIGNANT

PIERRE BAROUCH

A film for young and grown ups

Perfs. 4.45, 9.00

ARMON Tel. 664848

3rd week

CHARLES BRONSON

in the role of Gen. Dan Shomron

RAID ON ENTERBBE

Owing to length of perfs.

Sat. 8.30, 6.15, 9.00

Weekdays: 3.30, 6.15, 9.00

No complimentary tickets

ATZMON

BARBARA VACCARO

in a thriller

DEATH WEEKEND

in colour. For adults only

Perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

ORION Tel. 666272

Peter Bogdanovich's

Prize Winning Film

PAPER MOON

Starring RYAN O'NEAL,

TARIK O'NEAL

Perfs. 4.00, 6.45, 9.00

MIRON Tel. 668003

From Friday

Six nonstop perfs.

A film of sex

Men With Burning Passions

in colour. For adults only

MORIAN Tel. 242477

2nd week

After Christopher Frank's

novel "La Nuit Americaine"

ROMY SCHNEIDER AND

FABIO TESTI in

L'IMPORTANT C'EST D'AIMER

For Adults Only

Perfs. 6.45, 9.00

ORION Tel. 523888

3rd week

A new sex film

all will want to see

DONNEZ MOI L'AMOUR

In Colour

For Adults Only

From Friday

six nonstop perfs.

STUDIO Tel. 296817

5th week

A film by

FRANCOIS TRUFFAUT

POCKET MONEY

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

ORLY Tel. 81868

4th week

4.30 - 7.15 - 9.30

"Sarah Miles and Kris Kristofferson

are a white hot romantic team."

ROYAL Tel. 56051

7th week

Claude Lelouch's film

UN HOMME ET UNE FEMME

with ANOUK ALMEY

JEAN LOUIS TRINTIGNANT

PIERRE BAROUCH

4.30, 7.30, 9.30

TEL AVIV Tel. 281181

A SMALL TOWN

with

SUSAN GEORGE

TIMOTHY BOTTOMS

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

RAMAT AVIV

VICTORY AT ENTERBBE

with ELIZABETH TAYLOR

KIRK DOUGLAS

MICHAEL DREYFUS

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

PARIS Tel. 288606

4th week

10 - 12 - 2 - 4 - 7.15 - 9.30

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5th week

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POCKET MONEY

4.30, 7.15, 9.30

TO NIGHT...



MAYTAL ADV.

ANOTHER 60 HOMES* WILL BE BROKEN INTO!

*Homes not safeguarded by MILKUD

What can you do to make sure yours won't be one of them?

If you are seriously thinking about how to protect your home — get MILKUD, the Active Protection System.

What is MILKUD'S Active Protection System?

The most advanced, efficient and reliable protection system in the world for homes and business premises. MILKUD actively protects every entrance using the most sophisticated electronic systems, such as radar, laser, infra-red devices, ultra-sonic wave detectors and many other advanced techniques.

MILKUD is linked to a central control base which operates 24 hours a day. If a break-in attempt is made, an alarm signal is received at MILKUD center, instructions are promptly passed on to mobile MILKUD patrols who proceed immediately to the scene of the break-in and go into action.

If you want to keep your home and family safe and sound... contact MILKUD today.

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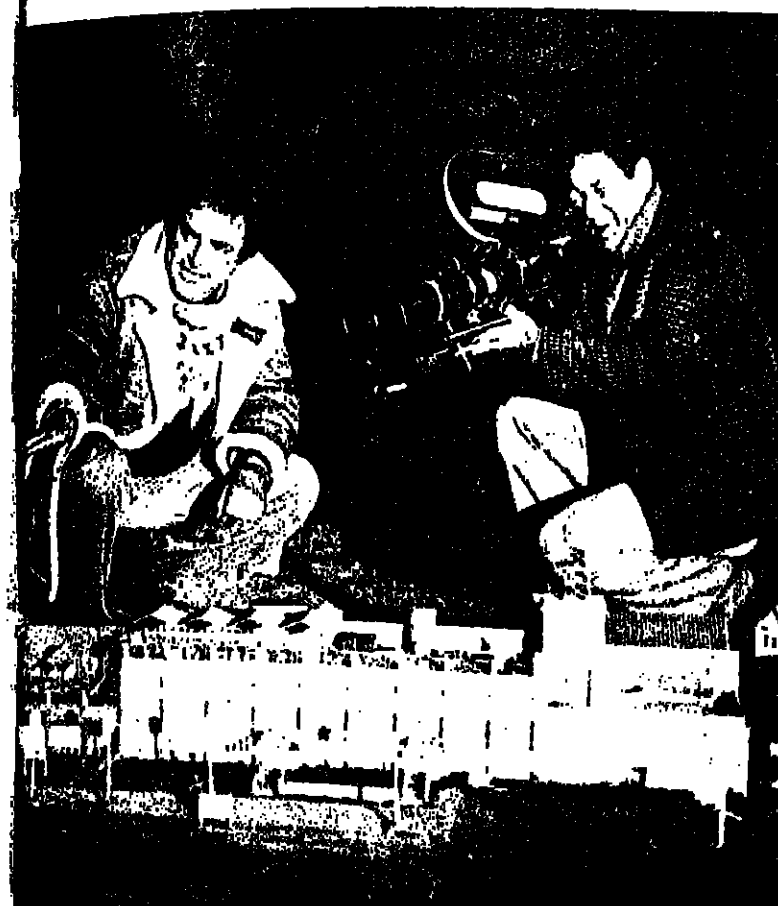
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1977



Golan gives an instruction to director of photography Adam Greenberg.



Yehoram Gaon (Yonatan) and Assaf Dayan take aim from the Mercedes. (Below) Hostage Gila Almagor panics.



A well-trained entourage appreciates Idi Amin's dinner-table conversation.

prising about 100 people, have been working 18 hours a day. A third crew was sent to Athens to film the arrival of the terrorists there, and a fourth went to Paris and London to do some shooting.

The Entebbe terminal, constructed at Ben-Gurion Airport, is an exact replica of the original; an Israeli contractor helped to build it, and art director Kull Sender had access to his plans, as well as to photos taken by Israeli pilots who were stationed there until 1972. Details of the interior of the building were supplied by the hostages themselves.

"THE STORY we tell," Golan says, "is based on information never published, on interviews with hostages, with Yonatan Netanyahu's family, with generals and other top-level people who were involved in the operation, with soldiers who took part."

"Some of these told us about human errors that were made. For example, the information that Idi Amin used a black Mercedes was a mistake, because he had changed it for a Rolls-

Royce several months earlier. In the film, you see how the Mercedes and the jeeps bounce out of the Hercules and drive at top speed towards the terminal. A Ugandan guard, instead of saluting as expected, becomes suspicious and takes aim at the car. Yoni shoots back with his silencer-equipped .45, but another of the team panics and shoots a burst with his Uzi — a human mistake that alerts the German terrorist inside the terminal. Luckily, he is killed before he can throw the grenade he is aiming at the commandos."

Golan's film is being made in two versions simultaneously, a Hebrew version for this country and an English version for the world.

"Some foreign distributors," says Golan, actually preferred the Hebrew version, which they feel is more authentic. I was proud to discover the tremendous interest the world has shown in the Israeli account of the rescue. For instance, for Japan, where an Israeli film has never yet been shown, a distributor has ordered 600 copies. □



هكذا من الأصل

THE SOUND TRACK from one of the Entebbe films — which version few know or care — was part of the tape on the Army Channel last Friday night, a case of non-involvement in the Army and being played back on the Army's own radio channel.

Some actor or other, playing the Prime Minister, said something like: "This time we were lucky. Next time, God help us." Cue: background music to swell forth. And there is nothing like the swell of expensively arranged demil-orchestral movie-music to remind us that our emotions are being manipulated and that it will soon be time to brush our teeth.

Before and after, the Army and other channels broadcast many, many comments, questions, and evaluations of the Ofar affair, an event so different from the Entebbe operation that the impulses of the brain — at least, I fear, of mine — went careening down the totally wrong circuit. It was not the repeated references to Kafka, in this case, but simply the burden of too much of an input load of data on too many levels of entertainment, hypothesis, art, truth, fact, fiction.

IN THE course of the Ofar out-pourings, nobody used the word "scenario," which is taken so often these days to mean what has, or perhaps has, or might have, or should have happened; or may yet. The Ofar tapes made a national drama of the most tragic sort, no matter from what point of view you were seeing it. If Entebbe, as adapted by the media, has become a thriller of triumph on big and small screens, in which fact and fiction are arbitrarily tossed together by different directors — then the Ofar tragedy is already a drama in which, for most of us, the real is impossible to extricate from the unreal, the psychological from the political, the crime from the rumour, the headline from the investigation, the personal from the national transgression.

For real and for unreal



Helga Dudman

IF, MANY years from now — heaven help us if there are "instants" — somebody writes a political novel about a Minister who commits suicide (and who, we now are told, really wanted to be a theatre director), and about the circumstances that led to his act, and about the people and the nation around him; and if this

writer, years hence, looks back to what was being said the week after that event — last week — he will find that the word "if" loomed large, and that it was a time of hypothetical queries.

IF IT HAD been known it would lead to this; if the press had — or should have — behaved differently; if the man's character had been otherwise; if, and this was going fairly far afield, it had been known at the

start of the Watergate investigation that President Nixon would kill himself; if the journalist starting this or any investigation is himself not white as snow... The ifs were many and their relevance varied. No doubt the oddest came from Uri Avneri who took it into his head to quote Rudyard Kipling's "If," and to remind us, in the words of the Empire's great bard, that a man ought to keep his head when all about are losing theirs, and really ought to meet

Triumph and Disaster with equal ease, and ought to talk with crowds and keep his virtue...

Following the Entebbe film sound track on the radio, some of the real hijacked Israelis were asked their opinion of the epic. A young couple said that "obviously the details were different," that "many important points were changed and the reality was much worse." But of course, that was only how one Israeli called Ruti and one called Baruch, who were there, saw it. How was it from the point of view of a sergeant in the action? Or the real terrorists? Or the real Dan Shomron? Or the real Yitzhak Rabin, if it comes to that? He, after all, is the only one who spoke to Elizabeth Taylor and also spoke at Ofar's funeral.

NOBODY WILL make a film of this tragedy. There will be no competition for official revelations. There will be no spin-off into children's books: a comic-strip publication has just appeared called "Uzi and Dani at Operation Entebbe." Dustin Hoffman is not going to play Yigal Laviv.

There is much cynicism in the streets at the moment, and demands that the "truth" be known. But the nature of "truth" has been a philosophical problem for nearly as long as man has been around; and the record of "inquiries" made by commissions has, for whatever reasons, hardly been profoundly satisfactory to the public for which it was intended; and the greater the issue, the less soothingly conclusive the conclusions.

The inquiries into the death of President Kennedy, and the report of the Agranat Commission, failed to give the man in the street a picture as clear as — perhaps impossibly — he expected. The sins of omission of Commissions, even those with the best of intentions, can turn into the orchestrated swell of background music. □

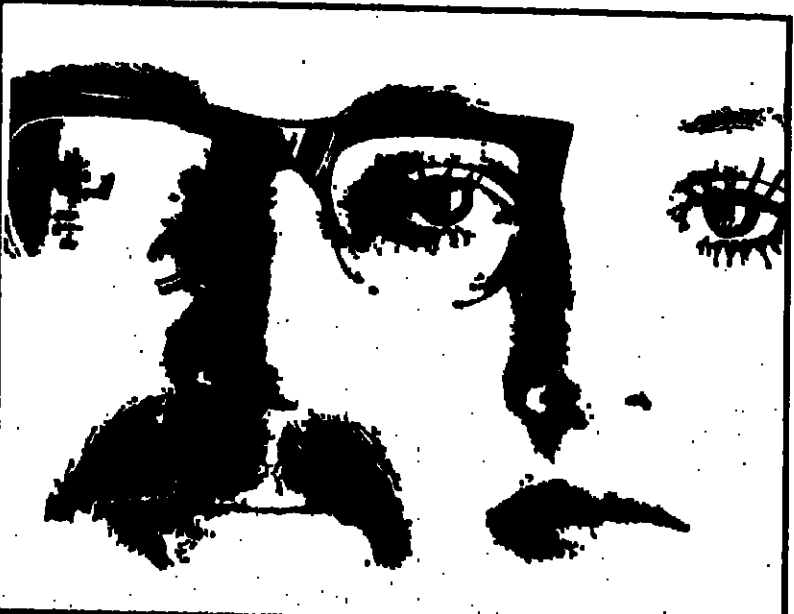
"I'VE BEEN HAD," said Ervinke, "Boy, have I been had!" We were sitting at Gusti's on Dizengoff, and since this looked like becoming a long story, I ordered us two instants and settled down to listen.

"I met this chick about a fortnight ago," said my friend, nervously fiddling with his spoon. "Libby was her name. She seemed to like me too, and we started going around together. She respected the pragmatist in me, whereas I admired her legs and her taste in earrings. Everything was coming along fine, till the evening we decided to go on a spree..."

Ervinke heaved a deep sigh. "I suggested coffee and cake for a start, then a show, then a real smashing dinner to round it off. 'Very well, Ervinke,' said Libby. 'But I won't have you pay for me. I'm a modern girl!' I told her it was beneath my dignity to keep account of every piddly expense and then charge her half, so Libby said: 'All right, Ervinke, tell you what we'll do: we'll take turns paying...'"

"Well, that's how it started. We met at Moghrabi and took a bus to this cafe. When we got on the bus Libby says: 'Ladies first, Ervinke, the tickets are on me!' and she buys two tickets at a pound each. Then we get to this cafe, where we put away eight chocolate-and-almond cakes and coffee with cream, and I paid IL2.70 because now it was my turn..."

"Next we took a bus to the theatre," Ervinke continued with



Going Dutch

Ephraim Kishon

a frown. "Libby paid the fare again, informing me over her shoulder that a girl has her principles, and she for one meant to stick by hers. Then I bought the tickets for the show at IL60, since she only sees properly from the front row, and she paid the cloakroom attendant half a pound, as per agreement. 'The show itself wasn't bad,

though my mind kept wandering because the way I figured it — I would pay for the ride to the restaurant now, and she would pay for the food, which would make all the difference..."

AT THIS POINT Ervinke asked Gusti for a glass of water and gulped it in one go.

"After the first act, Libby suggested we stretch our legs a bit in the foyer. I said: 'Why, darling? We're sitting all nice and

snug.' But she insisted. Out there she went straight to the counter and treated herself to a cheese-sandwich. 'Mm,' she said, munching happily. 'Delicious. It's your turn, Ervinke.'

"I could hear alarm bells ringing in my head, because now Libby would pay for the bus and I for the food, dammit. So I waited quietly through the interval, and at the last moment turned to Libby and said: 'How about a glass of soda?' She didn't feel thirsty somehow, but me — I was parched! 'Pay up, sweetheart — 60 agorot.' I nudged her, and she paid up like a man!

"That's how it happened that all through the second act it was my turn for bus-tickets again. In the interval I refused to budge, pleading lumbago. Libby gave me a long look out of her brown eyes, then said: 'Of course. Just call the Artie-boy...' meaning some brat running up and down the aisle with his tray. They shouldn't allow it. In short, I bought her her bloody ice-lolly, and as a result I've no idea what the third act was about, since my mind was searching frantically for a way out.

"When we rose at the end I turned the discussion on the actors. 'Know what?' I told Libby. 'Let's buy a programme!' A fleeting shadow crossed my Libby's face: 'Now?' she said. 'After the show?' Oh, all right, Ervinke, I'll buy one. And did. And paid."

Ervinke's lips twisted into a peculiar smile.

"When I bought the bus tickets," he resumed, "I still felt on top of the world. And at the restaurant I really let myself go. I ordered a clear consommé, followed by veal à la dauphinoise with asparagus, and salads, and coffee and strudel and pineapple. Libby just sat staring rather desperately at my plate and hardly touching her food. In the end I ordered a cigar though I don't smoke — and asked for the bill. Libby closed her eyes and took a deep breath — and then, right then, this house entered the restaurant..."

Ervinke asked for another glass of water. "This house came in and started peddling shoe-laces. I ask you! Shoe-laces! In the middle of the night! I was quite ready to wring his neck, but I didn't dare move for fear of drawing Libby's attention to the wretch... 'The bill! Quick!' I yelled at the waiter, and then what do you suppose happened? The house heard me yelling and came right over! I sent him unmistakable go-to-hell signals — but in vain..."

Ervinke groaned. "Libby bought a pair of black laces at 80 agorot, and I plunked down IL88 plus service for the feast... And then of course she paid the bus-fare home again, fair is fair. And that isn't all! When we got to her door at last and I wanted to kiss her good night, she pushed me away firmly and said: 'See, Ervinke, that's why I didn't want you to pay for me!'"

Translated by Miriam Arad. By arrangement with Ma'ariv.

The double bind

ZEN BUDDHISM AND PSYCHOANALYSIS by Erich Fromm, D.T. Suzuki & Richard de Martino. London, Souvenir Press. 171 pp. & index £2.50.

Rachel Chazan

MEDITATION IS currently being hawked around as a health gimmick, and Zen has been hailed as Western man's salvation or escape — to be attained by shortcuts, or served up as background in a marathon Encounter. This has left us with less than open minds for what Zen really is. Confronted by this book, professionals may criticize Erich Fromm for not sticking to his area of expertise; and tradition-rooted Jews may adjure us not to become involved with strange gods.

Yet Zen is not so much a religion as a way towards self-knowledge and ethical perfection. And refusal to go out and look at the ways of others is a sign of insecurity about one's own values.

A few years ago, some 50 psychoanalysts — including Erich Fromm and some Jungians and Sullivanians — did go out and look. They met Dr. Suzuki, a Zen authority, in a workshop held at the Autonomous National University of Mexico, and this book is one of the results of that meeting. Erich Fromm found that Zen deepened his understanding of his own contribution; the lectures of Suzuki and de Martino are published unchanged.

Dr. Suzuki contributes the more meaningful outline. He compares the Eastern and the Western mentalities by referring to two flower poems, one by Tennyson and one by the Chinese poet, Basho. Tennyson first plucks his flower; Basho is content to con-

template his as it grows. The Western mind tends to be analytic and reductive, and in its dissecting and classifying activity it often loses the essence, much as a botanist intent on labelling every plant misses the enchantment of the forest.

SUZUKI POINTS out the contradiction in the life of Western man, whose mechanistic view is in discord with human nature, and who talks of freedom, forgetting that he is governed by biological laws; that he must everywhere impinge on the freedom of others or be limited by theirs. Even when alone, he is governed by his impulses and is not free. And the Buddhist doctrine of the self is similar to that of psychoanalysis. "From the Zen point of view, what uniquely, psychologically, distinguishes experience of the self is that it is saturated with the feeling of autonomy, freedom, self-determination, and lastly creativity." The Zen concept is pre-scientific — it is not against science, but finds it no help towards self-knowledge, because it objectifies the self, studies it from outside. What is needed, apparently, is a "miraculous leap... into a realm of absolute subjectivity."

Much has been written on the technique of Zen: the use of the koan — by its nature insoluble — forces the student to abandon intellectual thinking, and drives him to an impasse, since he must solve his koan but cannot. Several writers — notably Alan Watts — have pointed to the parallel between the Zen method and the way the analyst forces change by putting the patient in a double bind, a situation in which either of two possible courses of action are blocked.



Kanzen, T'ang dynasty Zen poet.

Erich Fromm does not use this model, simply because he does not see the psychoanalyst and patient as manipulator and object. Psychoanalysis is not just a cure for sick behaviour, but a quest for living more fully, just as Zen is in its own way. Both the student and the patient are expected to work hard to effect a basic change in themselves. And just as the Buddhist artist understands the flower by being it, the analyst, as Fromm sees it,

can understand the patient only by being him, "as he experiences in himself all that the patient experiences." Without this, intellectual understanding of the patient will be barren. "The analyst must become the patient, yet he must be himself; he must forget he is the doctor, yet must remain aware of it."

THIS IS FROMM'S view, and it is shared by existential and other psychoanalysts. Most Freudians preach the non-involvement of the analyst, though Freud himself stressed that he must at any rate be genuine: "The relationship between analyst and patient is based on a love of truth — it precludes any kind of sham, and deception."

But whereas Freud saw the unconscious as essentially negative, Fromm, like Jung, sees it as a source of enrichment. For Fromm, the conscious ego is the social self. Feelings not acceptable to the particular society are repressed, and these may be very positive feelings, like altruism in a competitive society. In every school, psychoanalysis strives towards greater awareness of unconscious feelings.

AN UNEXPECTED similarity between Zen and psychoanalysis is in the nature of their logic. We are accustomed to Western, Aristotelian logic: A thing cannot both be and not be. Eastern logic admits the paradox: Opposites are not exclusive. Freud discovered that opposites co-exist in the psyche. Extreme timidity may co-exist with aggression. One can both love and hate the same person.

Just as Zen aims to break down rational thinking through the koan, psychoanalysis uses free association to transcend directed thinking, to break through the barrier of the conscious surface. For all that, free association has a logic of its own. Fromm has developed his own

theory of being "fully born." Separation from the warm and even environment of the womb is a trauma, which good mothering in infancy can repair. The unfortunate ones remain sick in various degrees. In the extreme case, the individual will strive to return to the womb through suicide or insanity. Others will seek to possess and devour, as if this could relieve their fear of isolation. Some will remain tied to an imaginary mother, feeling secure when loved and cared for, while the threat of separation from this love will cause unbearable anxiety. Yet others remain father-bound, and can work only if an authority figure praises and punishes them.

To be truly freed from these ties by Zen or psychotherapy is to be fully born.

Both Zen and psychoanalysis aim indirectly at a kind of moral perfection, through the overcoming of greed, narcissistic self-glorification and the illusion of omnipotence. Both require that one find one's own solution to the problem of existence: submission to authority is not enough. But neither works by direct exhortation or by suppressing the so-called evil impulse. On the contrary, in psychoanalysis the repressed evil must become conscious in order to be dealt with. In Zen, the attainment of satori — enlightenment — brings with it the melting away of greed and selfishness.

It is the non-directiveness of both Zen and psychoanalysis that makes them into such long and arduous journeys. This is not to say it is not worth embarking on them, for as Erich Fromm tells us: even if full enlightenment is not attained in Zen, what matters is to go in the right direction. It is the first candle brought into a dark room that makes the difference. And something similar happens in the analytic process. □

Give something similar

THE PATIENT, NOT THE CURE, The Challenge of Homoeopathy by Margery G. Blackie. London, Macdonald and Jane's, 247 pp. £4.95

Larry Lefkowitz

THE AUTHOR, in addition to being the Queen's physician, is Dean of the Faculty of Homoeopathy and Honorary Consulting Physician to the Royal London Homoeopathic Hospital. Quoting another homoeopathic practitioner to the effect that few of those who condemned the practice of homoeopathy "had any knowledge of its principles, to say nothing of its practice," Dr. Blackie in this book describes both.

Homoeopathy is based on the principle that "Like should be cured by like"; that is, the most successful drug for treating an illness is the one which produces the same symptoms in someone who is well. This drug is called the *similimum*.

Although formally "founded" by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann (1755-1843) homoeopathy in various forms had been practised since ancient times. One was the Doctrine of Signature, according to which, for example, the juice of *Ochrolethium*, which is yellow, was the cure for bad bile (since the bile is yellow); similarly, the

meat of the walnut was thought to be beneficial to the brain since they resemble each other in shape.

Samuel Hahnemann made homoeopathy into a science. He was dissatisfied with contemporary medical treatment, which principally involved the bleeding of patients. Testing drugs on himself to study their effects, he found after taking quinine that he was suffering from symptoms of malaria. He then reasoned that if quinine could produce symptoms similar to those of malaria, it might also cure the disease. Hence his theory, which has become the slogan of homoeopathy: "Like should be cured by like," or, in the more impressive Latin, *similia similibus curentur*.

Homoeopathy as described by Dr. Blackie is based on the prescription of a drug ("the one and only *similimum*") to meet the specific symptoms of a patient, observed with a scrutiny worthy of Sherlock Holmes. For instance:

"Just from shaking hands with a patient one can learn a lot. One notices the cold, dry hand typical of the person who responds successfully to *Arsenicum*; or the cold, damp hand which may suggest *Hepar sulph.*; be the hand rough and cracked with overgrown nails and *Silica* comes to mind; is the hand cold, damp,

limp to the point of seeming boneless? — *Calcarea carbonica* is what is needed; then the firm handshake; particularly firm if he is grateful for improved health resulting from a treatment with *Lycopodium*."

No observable characteristic of the patient is without significance: "sociable or unsociable, sensitive to criticism, to music, to noise, to touch — even to a thunder storm. The person who throws an extra log on the fire, and his companion who flings up the window because he must have some air, and when the tea-tray appears pours himself a scalding cup of tea with six lumps of sugar."

WHILE in no position to judge the efficacy of homoeopathic medicine, most of us would surely welcome such attention from a doctor. Homoeopathy, however, seems to encompass what is usually reserved for the psychiatrist (perhaps defensible by the homoeopaths on the ground that they treat the total patient). The patient "who has the admittedly illogical but positive sensation that the upper part of his body is made of glass... (is) best treated with *Thuja*, whereas *Eupatorium* is the most frequent cure for the more ordinary complaint of compulsive hand washing."

It is not clear for whom the book was written. The chapters on the history of homoeopathy, the present status of its teaching in various countries (though taught in the U.S., the Food and Drug Administration refuses to recognize

homoeopathic medicines), and the descriptions of its prominent practitioners, are suitable for the layman. The chapters on drugs and dosages are beyond the knowledge (and interest) of most laymen and seem aimed at the medical practitioner, even though the accompanying case histories are simply described and are often anecdotal in form.

There are four appendices which detail the preparation of homoeopathic medicaments, their ingredients and dilutions, and offer some common cold remedies. Actually, there are five appendices, since the last chapter comprises lists of the usages of various plant tinctures, the most interesting of which (to me) was: "Oil of Rosemary has a long-standing reputation as a remedy for baldness, headache and flagging mental powers. Hence it has been called 'Herb of Memory,' as Ophelia says in Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, 'There's Rosemary for remembrance...'"

There is also a listing of the Latin and common names of various remedies. My favourites were: lady's love, monk's hood, Himalayan Wolf's bane, death cap, spirits of hart's horn, green dragon. Whether or not Hahnemann's approach to the treatment of illness is superior to other methods must be decided by the reader; one cannot, however, deny that he was a brilliant man. Any doubters are referred to the fact that Hahnemann at the age of thirteen was sufficiently skilful to give his fellow pupils Hebrew lessons. □

The question



WHEN CHILDREN ASK ABOUT GOD by Harold S. Kushner. New York, Schocken Books. 176 pp. \$2.95.

RABBI KUSHNER'S principal aim here is to provide parents with a guide to answering their children's questions about God, in such a way that the children will come to better trust themselves and their world. He devotes separate sections to such questions as "How do I know there really is a God?" and "What does it feel like to die?" He gives his suggested answers to the questions, and explains what he believes the children are really asking, showing a thorough understanding not only of the theological but also of the human issues involved. If there is one objection to all this it is that Rabbi Kushner has attempted to make the God of Jewish history a "non-supernatural being" who exists was sufficiently skilful to give his fellow pupils Hebrew lessons. □

Seymour Freedman

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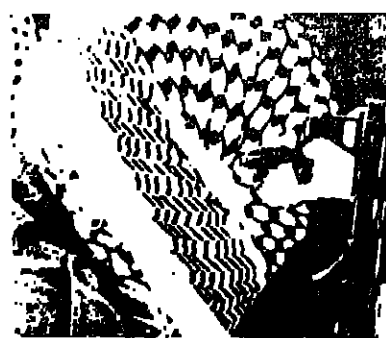
GUERRILLAS FOR PALESTINE
by Riad el-Rayyes and Dunia Nahas. London, Croom Helm (Portico Publications), 156 pp. £5.50.

Nissim Rejwan

WITH THE exception of the events in Lebanon, of which a mere mention is made concerning their start in April 1976 with the ambush by Phalangist forces of a busload of Palestinians, this account of the shifting fortunes of the Palestine terrorist organizations ends in mid-1974. It is none the worse for that, however. In a field of enquiry so loaded with emotion and prejudices, and where solid information and "mere facts" are so difficult to come by, "Guerrillas for Palestine" offers a remarkably accurate, well-organized and detached account of the origins, structure, political apparatus, and inter-Arab and international standing of that uneven coalition known as the Palestine Liberation Organization (PLO).

The book makes no claims to strict scholarship. It is free of footnotes and carries no bibliography. In their introduction the authors state simply that it is "based largely on contacts and interviews with the leaders and theoreticians of the command organizations."

In this sense, of course, the book may appear to give a one-sided version — and it in fact does in certain aspects. But this does not matter because the authors — both on the staff of "An-Nahar's Arab Report," an English newsletter published by Beirut's leading daily, "An-Nahar" — present an overall picture which is



far from being one-sided.

In a long chapter entitled "The Commandos and the Arab States," for instance, their central thesis is that the attitude of any given Arab regime to the PLO at any given time was governed almost exclusively by the prevalent interests of that regime. This was as true of Syria as it was of the Egypt of both Nasser and Sadat.

To cite one example, when early in 1973 fierce fighting developed on the Golan Heights between Israeli and Syrian forces as a result of Palestinian operations, a Syrian note was promptly delivered to the PLO demanding the observation of a number of conditions which drastically limited the latter's movements.

Another example — which the authors were not in a position to mention — was Sadat's prompt order in September 1975 to close down the Palestinians' broadcasting station in Cairo when it dared attack Egypt's interim agreement with Israel earlier that same month.

Now, OVER A YEAR later, both Cairo and Damascus are openly and rather crudely using the Palestinians in their ongoing war of words — each claiming to want

to save them from the other's evil designs, when in fact both are equally intent on taming them and cutting them to size. What is more, they both do it for practically the same reason — namely, to neutralize the PLO as a leading factor in the so-called Rejection Front and then proceed unharassed with the difficult business of convincing the world that the Arab world as a whole is serious and sincere in its call for an overall peace settlement with Israel.

The shortest — and least substantial — chapter in the book deals with the attitudes of China and the USSR. Ironically enough, the policies of both Moscow and Peking vis-à-vis the Palestinian organizations are again governed largely by the fierce conflict between them and by their own world interests.

Perhaps because its stakes are much smaller and its commitments are almost non-existent, Peking has been able to afford outspoken backing for the PLO in its more extremist postures. Moscow, on the other hand, has had to tread far more softly lest — as has recently happened with regard to Syria — its proclaimed support for Arab regimes on whose friendship and hospitality Soviet Middle East policies seem to depend.

Viewed in the light of the present situation, with PLO fortunes generally considered to be at an all-time low, and their very survival as a coherent political group gravely imperilled, the portrait of the Palestinian organizations as presented in the book under review remains largely accurate, and the conclusions generally valid.

This is due mainly to the fact that in writing their book the authors have managed to strike a nice balance between a heavy-going academic account and a racy journalistic job. □

Living history

THE MIDDLE EAST, edited by John C. Campbell. The New York Times Great Contemporary Issues Series. New York, Arno Press, 436 pp.

Shimon Samuels

RUMMAGING through a pile of old newspapers, I am always irresistibly drawn by one article or another into stealing a few moments to indulge in the historian's game of hindsight. What joy, then, to find that *The New York Times* is preparing 50 volumes of the most salient articles, editorials and cartoons from its own archives, each devoted to a major problem on the American or world scene as a series entitled *The Great Contemporary Issues*. Sixteen such themes have appeared thus far, the latest dealing with the Middle East.

The documentary value of the press is itself a paradox, for while as great and reputable a paper as *The New York Times*, is often considered sensationalist or biased, news archives provide the historian with one of his most fundamental sources.

The volume under review is by definition, rigorously selective and would thus be rather limited for the serious scholar of the region. Its approach should be of great value, however, to a broad general public, and, in particular, as a source-book for history and

current affairs classes at both college and high school level.

Modern educational techniques have stressed motivation. While, a generation ago, the Western child was taught that his roots lay in Ancient Greece and Rome and was inflicted with classical but dead languages to boot, today's pupil is treated ideally to historical approaches based on relevance to contemporary problems, and modern languages as functional tools to survival in a more integrated but more complicated world.

History must be brought alive and clothed in the jargon of the mass media. In this country, we have seen Jewish history fictionalized and successfully presented in newspaper format by the popular *Chronicles*. In this American series, the background of the current problems and controversies of the Middle East is factually unfolded through the eyes of contemporary witnesses. Moreover, the contention that press reporting is, by its nature, over-selective and prejudiced, is here outweighed by the sheer number of articles by literally hundreds of outstanding journalists, which makes, overall, for a balanced point of view.

THIS BOOK spans chronologically the period from the outbreak of World War I to the oil crisis of 1973 and concentrates on four major issues: the end of the European Imperial presence in the Middle

East; the rise of nationalism in the region; super-power intervention; and oil as a key to politics in the area.

At least half of the articles deal with the Arab-Israel conflict from the beginning of the Mandate until the Yom Kippur War, and are accompanied by some excellent maps and photographs. The other half of the book gives due attention to inter-Arab conflicts, Iran, and other lesser-known aspects of our region. The value of the volume is enhanced by an exhaustive index and broad suggested reading list.

Some readers may mistake the objective of the book and claim a lack of perspective, but this is not just another historical text-book. It is a unique approach to history and, as all articles are reprinted in their entirety, without editing or corrections, we can see, in many cases, a compelling presence on the part of journalists who foresaw long-range trends that were to become the most acute problems of today.

To quote the editor, "There is perhaps no better way to recreate for today's reader the reality of those years, than through the news as it appeared in the columns of *The New York Times*."

This volume should be in all our libraries — public and institutional — and has certainly solved my problem of where to direct a student who is searching for a general introduction to the region. □

Dr. Samuels is deputy-director of the Leonard Davis Institute of Public Relations at the Hebrew University.

Children's books



Miriam Arad

ARABS IN ISRAELI children's literature can mostly be divided into romantic nomads, flowing robes and all, or bogeymen. When they're neither kosher nor traitor, they're cardboard, like the one in *HAMASA HAGADOL SHE'EL EREZ UMOSI* by Shmuel Beneshalom (*Wres and Mosi's Great Voyage*, Ramat-Gan, Massada, Drawings by Yaffa Talarek, 78 pp.)

This sort of Arab, invariably called Ahmed, Mohammed or Abdullah, but never anything like Adnan or Hashem, has a big moustache, two or three wives and numerous children; he drinks endless cups of coffee, and measures distances in cigarettes. That's all our author knows about Arabs, and I'm afraid that's all most kids will ever know as well. But let's be fair to this adventure story, which takes Erez and Mosi all the way from the kibbutz barrel factory, through a Negev region strictly made up of caves, tigers and scorpions, to Sodom and safely back home again. It's improbable from start to finish, but a nice suspenseful read for all that.

For 8-10.

"ASMELL, a smell, I smell a rabbit." When you read a sentence like that on page two of a translation from the English your suspicions are roused and you try translating it back. "Sniff, sniff," is what it probably was, but your guess is as good as mine. The point to make about these inferior translations is not so much that they're unfaithful as that they are unenlightened.

Poor Hebrew certainly mars two of David Thomson's "Danny Fox" books, and more's the pity: *DANNY SHUAL (Danny Fox)* and *DANNY SHUAL, PO-GESH BAR (Danny Fox Meets a Stranger)*, Ramat Gan, Massada, Drawings by G. Edward, Hebrew translation by H. Gluckstein, 102 and 100 pp. respectively.

No smart Reynard Superstar, Danny is an endearing animal who moves easily between his authentic animal world and the stuff tables and fairytales are

made of.

Bright enough to know when to keep his mouth shut, Danny outfoxes the Poor Fisherman, Ma Eagle and the Mean Queen, but is outfoxed in turn by a sheep, and an old lady-sheep at that.

The first book is mainly concerned with Danny's battle of wits against the fisherman, and with the truly ingenious way he gets off an island in the sea mostly about how Danny wins a wolf and how the best beast wins. Both are fine for 7-9, though the first is especially good for reading aloud, what with all those arguments of yes-it-is, no-it-isn't, yes-he-does, no-he-doesn't, recurring as a ritual throughout the story.

Getting off an island is also the problem of one K'tonton, a kind of Jewish American Tom Thumb. Maybe you know him from your own childhood: he made his first appearance as far back as 1895. He is still going strong in *K'TONTON ON AN ISLAND IN THE SEA* by Sadie Rose Wellerstein (Philadelphia, the Jewish Publication Society of America, Drawings by Michael Berenstein, 98 pp., \$4.50).

K'tonton's troubles all start because one day when he's saying his prayers and comes to "May the wishes of our hearts be fulfilled," he doesn't add the obligatory "for good," and so he ends up all alone on this island "for bad." That'll learn you. K'tonton, as inventive as any Crusoe, leads a vegetarian and intensely Jewish existence on his island, eating only kosher food, saying all the prescribed prayers and then some, celebrating every Sabbath and one Shavuot — with a party for the local wildlife.

Not in the least of this story's charms are the occasional interruptions of the narrative in order to answer important questions such as: "Wasn't K'tonton frightened to be all by himself?" "Did it rain in the end?" One is also happy to find a complete list of the foods K'tonton ate on his island, as well as the answer to such Talmudic puzzles as whether a tiny Jew on a deserted island is allowed to use seashells for plates and cups, seeing that shellfish aren't kosher. For 7-9.

BACK TO HEBREW, there is Jewish lore of a different kind to be found in *SIPPURIM VA'AGADOT MIMEI KEDEM* by Hela Taub (*Ancient Stories and Legends*, Tel Aviv, Traklin, Translated, presumably, from m.a., by Akavia Yitzhaki, Drawings by Yitzhak Breen, 80 pp.)

Though it doesn't mention any sources, this is a collection of Talmudic legends, retold for children. I do find these things a problem: on the one hand, there's the fact that the soul of the Talmudic story — not unlike the biblical one — is brevity, and it invariably spoils in the retelling.

Take Rabbi Akiva, who owed all his fabulous wisdom to his wife Rachel's devotion, and told his students to respect her because "mine and yours are hers." This, in the present version, becomes: "All that I have achieved, I have achieved thanks to her."

The best argument to put forward on the other side is that stories read in childhood tend to stick. Personally, I'm sure I could never have kept the heroes of Greek mythology apart as well as I do if I hadn't read their serialized adventures at the age of 10 in the weekly instalments of some children's magazine or other. So whether in this case you should wait till your child is old enough, if not for the Talmud, then for the magnificent *Sefer Ha'agada* in Blauk-Ravitzky's annotated edition or not — this particular version of them is suitable for 7-9.

The title story of *HAROE HANE'EMAN (The Faithful Shepherd)*, Tel Aviv, Am Oved, Drawings by Giora Carmi, 155 pp. Not vowel-pointed, written 80 years ago, was Eliezer Smoly's first, and Smoly himself has meanwhile attained near-classic stature in our children's literature. Some of the stories in this collection were written when the Hula was still a lake and Trumpeldor our one and only hero; other, more recent ones, date back to times when you needed a *tsertifikat* to come here, and your villains were the British coastguards. Even a *ma'abara* story included here already seems as remote as milk in bottles.

There is plenty of drama and pathos in these stories — but then, there was plenty of drama and pathos in life those days. Smoly, however, can write of small human dramas equally well: the last story in this collection — about a cupboard that started life as a poor, one-door, two-dresses-and-a-best-suit affair and ended in a burst of glory harbouring a Tora scroll — is a gem.

For ten and up.

A SECOND, revised edition of *SIFREI KERIA LILADIM (Children's Books)* — a reasoned catalogue, Tel Aviv, Yehav, Illustrated, 160 pp., IL22 plus VAT) has just appeared to replace the 1970 edition (which costs IL4.50; put that in your VAT and eat it!) It is a handy if not completely trustworthy guide, by which latter I of course mean that I disagree with some inclusions and miss some favourites.

The revision isn't too extensive as far as the books proper are concerned, but the indices — by author, title, category and age-group — are widened in scope and made extremely useful. Some howlers have been carried over intact: Mark Twain is still the author of *Huckleberry Finn*, itself described as a "charming children's classic." (*La Petit Prince* is "charming" too.)

By the way — a catalogue, according to the dictionary, is "a complete list," which this isn't, nor is meant to be. □

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Michael Landmann

Reform of the Hebrew Alphabet

Applied Literature Press (Kerex University M. International)
Ann Arbor, Mich. 48106
300 North Zeeb Road
\$18

A survey of the shortcomings of the Hebrew script and some suggestions on how to improve upon it.

BEER FROM HERE AND THERE

I HAVE JUST found an excellent reason for restoring the Israel monarchy: we could label our better beers. "By Appointment to His Majesty, King David II." Otherwise, how can we expect to compete with the snob appeal of Orangeboom — "By Appointment to H.M. the Queen of the Netherlands" and "By Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of the Netherlands" (the latter a somewhat tarnished title these days)? Or the Tuborg label, which can boast of two royal appointments — to the Danish and Swedish courts.

Tuborg, admittedly, has an excellent world reputation. In canned form, it sells here for about IL5 in supermarkets, which makes it among the higher-priced brews. Local canned beer, called O.K., sells for IL4. But what is it that compels some local consumers to choose Orangeboom, at IL4.05, over our locally-produced export quality Maccabee beer in almost identical green glass bottles. Maccabee regularly sells for IL3.00 a bottle, and is now available in a "six-pack" at IL19.20 — which works out to IL3.20 per bottle.

These reflections came to mind as I stood in a Tel Aviv Supermarket the other day, comparing prices and labels on the four local and seven foreign beers in stock. Just recently, Israel's sole beer manufacturers, whose English name is National Breweries Ltd., raised the outcry that nearly 20 per cent of the beer sold in the country is of foreign origin. National Breweries is a combination of two former firms, Caneer of Bat Yam and Abir of Netanya. Both plants still function, along with a third at Migdal Ha'emek.

MOST OF the imported beer sold here is the canned variety, and there is good reason to believe that much of its appeal lies in the container rather than the contents. Among real connoisseurs, there may be some justification for paying IL2.20 to enjoy the special flavour and strength of Guinness Stout, for instance, or around IL5 for some of the other big-name premium beers, such as Amstel, Carlsberg, Tuborg or Heineken. The less famous foreign beers in cans, such as South Africa's Lion Lager or Holland's Bavaria, sell for as little as IL1.95 — actually less than the locally-brewed O.K.

The National Breweries management argues that these cheaper import beers should actually be compared with our less expensive — and price-controlled — light lager beers in the 48-centilitre returnable bottles, and not with our so-called "premium quality" beers. Goldstar, Maccabee and O.K. Our local light lagers, under the labels Abir and Nesher, sell for much less than any imports. A 48-centilitre bottle is price-fixed at IL1.87 (before V.A.T. and without the 60-agerot deposit).

Not every beer-drinker, admittedly, is satisfied with our cheap light lagers, which have a relatively low alcohol content — only 3.5 per cent, compared with about five per cent in most import brands and our own premium beers.

Of the premium beers, the best buy in Israel by far is Goldstar, the only one sold in an economical returnable bottle. A 35-centilitre bottle of Goldstar (same size as all the imports) retails in supermarkets for IL2.55, plus deposit and V.A.T. (All prices in this article are pre-

V.A.T.); Price-wise, the consumer must compare this with the cheapest imports, which are IL3.95. Goldstar accounts for 28 per cent of the local beer production, second in volume only to the two light lagers, Nesher and Abir, which together make up 40 per cent. What is sold locally from barrels — draught beer — is the Goldstar recipe but without the pasteurization necessary when bottling or canning.

In terms of type, Goldstar is a dark, sweetish beer, said to approximate British ale. The main local alternative is Maccabee, which is lighter in colour and taste, comparable to American and Central European lagers.

MACCABEE is more expensive than Goldstar, mainly because it comes in a throwaway glass bottle. National Breweries say they would be happy to deal only in the more economical returnables, but the big customers, hotels and restaurants, won't be bothered with them. Even the student buffets at Tel Aviv University are reportedly selling only premium Maccabee beer because of its throwaway container.

The Israeli breweries' only canned beer, O.K., which has been on the market less than two years, accounts for only two per cent of the total production. In type, the O.K. formula is similar to Goldstar's, and it has a somewhat bitter aftertaste. I had assumed this bitterness had to do with the cans, but the brewer insists it is simply the type of beer. After April 1, a different formula will go into O.K. cans — the lighter Maccabee type, slightly adapted for canning.

National Breweries went into the canning line very reluctantly — and would be glad to get out of it if the Government would ban the sale of beer in cans, as has been done in some Western countries for ecological reasons. Without a formal ban, there seems little hope of ridding our market of beer in cans. There would appear to be something in the male macho mentality which likes the feel of holding a beer can and popping open the lid.

There is no possibility that the local breweries can produce a canned beer at a price which will undersell the cheaper imports. We don't manufacture beer cans, and each one imported by National Breweries costs IL1.50 (about 18 cents of foreign currency). By comparison, a non-returnable locally-made glass bottle for Maccabee costs the breweries 70 agorot, while a returnable glass bottle for Nesher or Abir costs IL1.12 and a Goldstar bottle 50 agorot. The returnables can easily make 60 to 70 rounds — about six or seven trips a year for some eight years.

THE BEST container for beer, says National Breweries general manager, Shmuel Dror, is a brown glass bottle. Most beer bottles (and cans) carry the direction, "Store in a cool, dark place." This, says Mr. Dror, is to protect the quality of the beer, not to prevent bottles from exploding. He points out that all bottled beer has been pasteurized in the bottle for one hour at a temperature of 60 degrees Centigrade. If it withstands this, it should withstand most anything.

According to National Breweries, beer — whether bottled or canned — has a "good shelf life" of only six months. After that, it will not be harmful, but the



MARKETING WITH MARTHA

quality begins to deteriorate. In cans, beer may acquire a "tinny" taste, they say. Assuming this is true, the time factor is one of the best arguments for buying local beer. There is little possibility that more than a few weeks will pass before local beer gets to the customer's home; with the imports, it's anyone's guess. There is reportedly a plan afoot to require clear dating on imported beers, but this is not yet in force.

Shops which stock foreign beers say they have no complaints from customers, who seem to be satisfied with what they buy. But National Breweries claim that at least some of the imported beer we get is too old to be acceptable to markets in the home countries and is therefore dumped onto the export market. The Knesset last week finally got around to passing a law aimed at preventing the dumping of various goods. Mr. Dror of the Breweries feels it will be difficult to enforce it.

ISRAELI LAW requires a declaration of the percentage of alcohol on labels of imported beverages, but not local ones. I

suggested to National Breweries that they voluntarily mark the alcohol content on their containers, at least on the premium beers, so that Israelis can see that these are as potent as most of the imports.

Maccabee contains 4 per cent alcohol, the Breweries tell me, while O.K. has 4.5 per cent, and Goldstar 5 per cent. The light lagers, Abir and Nesher, have only 3.5 per cent. Malt beer — which our public calls "black beer" — contains a mere trace of alcohol, only 0.3 per cent. This is considered negligible and not harmful to children, who can benefit from its nutritional value. The National Breweries makes a premium-type malt beer for export, and has just brought it out for the local market under the name Gold Malt.

Admittedly, we do not grow the raw materials for beer in Israel. Almost everything that goes into beer — hops, malt, sorghum, and even yeast — is imported. Together with Mr. Dror, I did a calculation of the raw material cost for an average single bottle of premium beer, 35-centilitre size, and found it represents a mere

two cents (\$0.02) in foreign currency outlay. By comparison, a can of local O.K. beer represents a foreign currency drain of about 17 cents, because of the added cost of the metal can. A can or bottle of imported beer represents a similar currency drain. This means that every time you choose a local bottled beer instead of a foreign beer, you are saving the national economy some 15 cents, as well as saving money for yourself.

I think National Breweries could do the public an additional service if they were to bottle Maccabee beer in a returnable bottle. Then those customers who prefer this flavour could also benefit from the lower cost and environmental good-citizenship of a refundable container. The management admits that Maccabee could retail for 80 to 70 agorot cheaper than at present, if it were in a returnable bottle.

LAST MARCH, National Breweries came under new ownership, following the death of its previous owner, William E. Robinson. Today, a Canadian investor, Murray Goldman, heads the controlling group and personally owns 70 per cent of the stock. The remainder belongs to Schwartz Brewing Services, said to be the world's biggest consultant to breweries.

According to Shmuel Dror, who worked under the old ownership, several changes have been made which should result in an improved quality of Israeli beer. One of these is the recent opening of a central laboratory to check quality control. Another is the adoption of a book of standard procedures for the Breweries' various plants, each of which has several production lines.

At the end of 1977, the brewery at Bat Yam will be closed down and its lines transferred to an enlarged Netanya plant. The Migdal Ha'emek factory — set up in the mid-'60s to foster development of the Galilee — will continue to operate.

Closer to the consumer scene, the Breweries have other plans afoot. One is to open "beer gardens," first in Eilat, then in Tel Aviv and elsewhere. This is expected to encourage the growing popularity of beer-on-tap. □

Martha Meisels

Uses of a wife

CULINARY NOTES
Haim Shapiro

IN A RECENT letter, a reader expressed concern about the way I spoke about my wife. She said I have the impression that my wife is a nincompoop, barely able to boil water.

This, of course, is far from the truth. My wife boils water very well. In fact, she is quite a competent cook and I often enjoy her meals.

It was my wife, for example, who became enthusiastic about the possibilities offered by our kerosene heating stove. A heavy pot, placed directly on the stove, produced the same slow, steady cooking achieved with expensive



electric appliances sold in the U.S. It was she, too, who looked into the food cabinet and found a container of lentils that had been there for at least a year. When she asked why I had not used them, I replied that they were so dirty and full of stones, twigs and similar rubbish that I had never bothered to cook them.

WITH A PATIENCE which I would find it hard to match, she sat down and separated the lentils from foreign matter. She used the traditional method of the Near East, pouring a small amount of lentils onto a tray and expelling

the dirt with a quick flick of her fingers.

She pointed out that she didn't need to extract all the foreign matter; some of it walked away of its own accord.

She washed the lentils, about two cups of them, then put them in a pot with four cups of water, adding a good pinch of thyme. While she brought the lentils to a boil, she peeled and chopped two carrots and two onions and added them to the soup.

When it came to a boil, she took the pot off the cooking stove and put it on the heater, leaving it to simmer for about two hours. Naturally, anyone without a large kerosene heater could leave the soup on the stove, over an asbestos mat on a very low flame. Just to make sure, my wife added a few cubes of instant chicken soup mix. No doubt the mere addition of salt and pepper would have been almost as effective.

Needless to say, the soup was delicious and warming as well, a perfect dish for a cold, wet winter's day. □

The Weekend Dry Bones

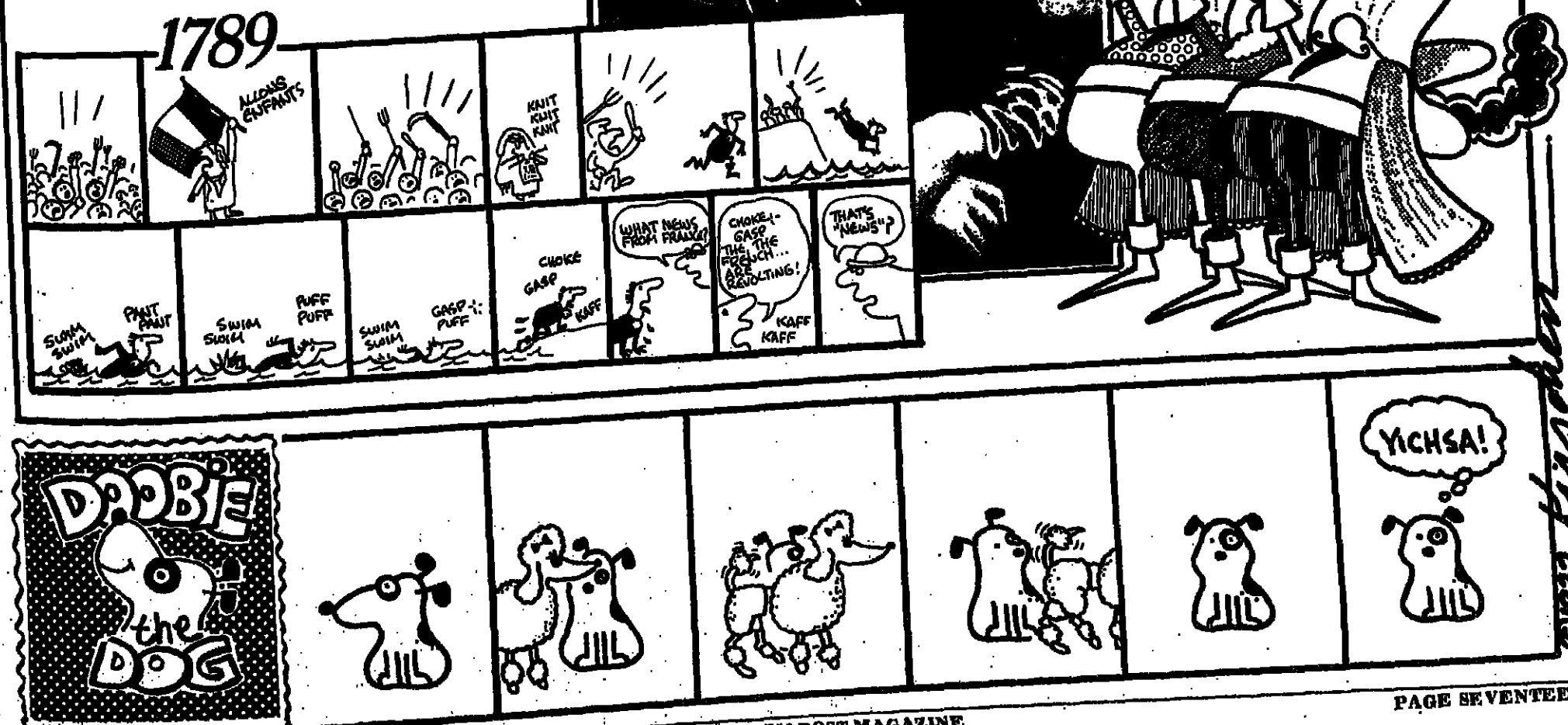


ABU LISA

MORE FRENCH ANSWERS

1. FRANCOPHILE.
2. FRENCH TOAST.
3. NO, YOU'RE THINKING OF GISCARD D'ESTAING.

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 2. WHAT DOES A TERRORIST GET AT THE AIRPORT?
 3. DID TOULOUSE LAUTREC WALK AROUND ON HIS KNEES?



FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

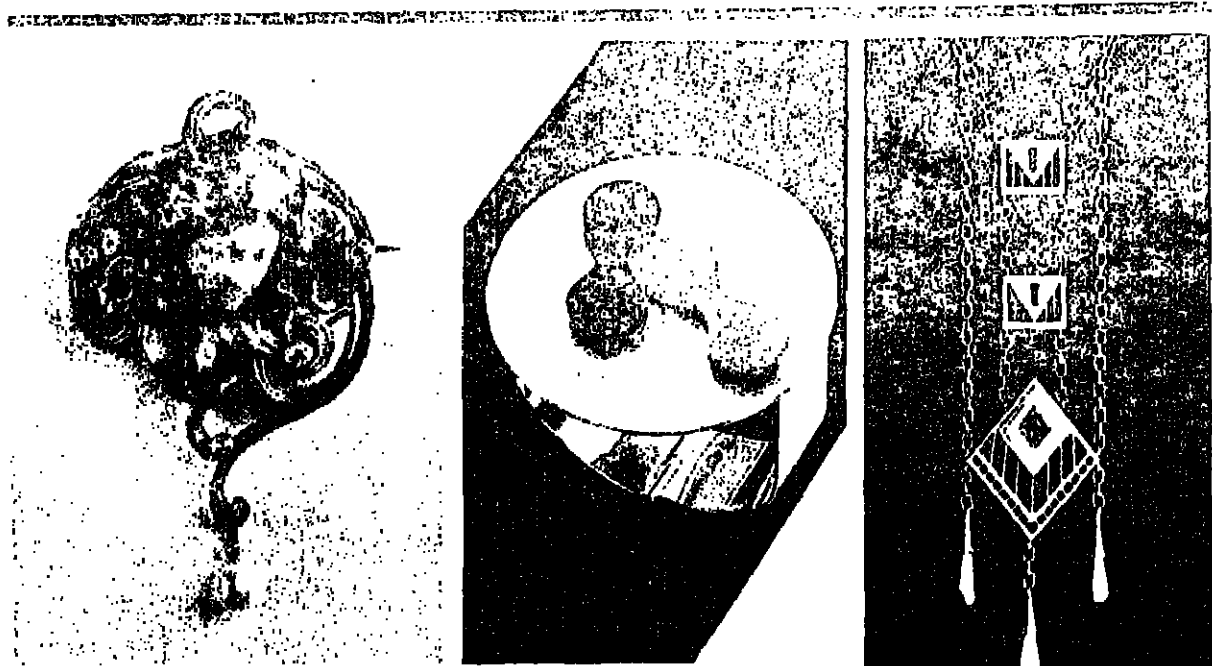
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THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, JANUARY 14, 1977

هكذا من الاصل



Left: brooch by the Beaudouin atelier, Paris, 1900, in gold, enamel, pearls and diamonds. Centre: bracelet by Friedrich Becker, Düsseldorf, 1908, with moveable elements, in white gold, lapis lazuli, chrysopras. Right: pendant by O. Bore, Stuttgart, 1908, in gilded silver, glass stones, pearls.

Photos courtesy of Pforzheim Museum

Art in miniature

Meir Ronnen

JEWELLERY HAS, throughout the ages, been a remarkable indicator of the tastes, technology, religion and even sociology of the society in which it was made.

A remarkable collection of 20th century jewellery from the Pforzheim Jewellery Museum which went on display at the Israel Museum last week, reflects some of the changes in the development of art since the turn of the century, as well as the incorporation of new materials. But it eschews the myriad designs that have been created by modern jewellers for semi-industrial purposes: all the pieces in this beautifully mounted show are one-of-a-kind.

Despite their being applied design, their creators have approached them as works of art, even, in some cases, as mini-sculptures. Indeed, some of the designers, like Pomodoro, are better known as sculptors of very large, sometimes massive works. And some of the *fin de siècle* designers were also painters and architects.

Pforzheim, which lies between Karlsruhe and Stuttgart and within easy reach of both Strasbourg and Basel, has been famed for its watches and jewellery for the last 200 years (watchmaking seems to be a Swabian forte). A school of applied art with a strong jewellery department has grown there. The town now has the only museum in the world that is devoted solely to jewellery, re-established in 1981 after an abortive start between 1958-61.

Jewellers from Pforzheim itself are, not unnaturally, well represented in this show and span the entire period. Despite the participation of some oriental artists, the show is thoroughly European. The early part of it — easily the most fascinating section — is dominated by French and German art nouveau designs of fabulous craftsmanship, in which one can occasionally trace the influence of Scottish and Viennese design of the period.

European jewellers and smiths

have traditionally worked in gold, silver, copper and enamel, often creating settings for the display of precious stones. By the turn of this century, the material value of the pieces was giving way to considerations of design and excellence of craftsmanship, and many of the fine early pieces here are pre-Raphaelite in the technical sense as well as in purity of spirit.

The beautifully carved women's heads and profiles evoke Rossetti and Burne-Jones, as well as Parisian posters of the period and early works by Klimt. Brooches and pendants by Beaudouin, Lalique, and Duguine, all made in *fin de siècle* Paris, epitomize art nouveau.

The end of the first decade of this century is perfectly summed up in an ornamental brooch by famed Viennese architect Josef Hoffmann, who was linked with the Secession and the Wiener Werkstätte. In between, designers like Kleeemann of Pforzheim and Bore of Stuttgart, with their symmetrical, severely geometric pendants, seem, already in 1905, on the way to creating abstract art and forging a link between Jugendstil and "art deco" of the twenties.

There is little art deco here but we are offered three typical examples all utilizing a new "clean" material: rock crystal. The clarity of design is carried over into two very "modern" rings and a pendant from the early thirties, in which the austere influences of the Bauhaus can be noted.

The jeweller-artists of the sixties and seventies are, interestingly enough, still using all the traditional materials and combinations, but often with quite different results. One such innovator is Elisabeth Treskow of Cologne, while a jeweller like Wolfgang Fabian of Düsseldorf uses white gold to create a geodesic construction to make a bracelet worthy of Buckminster Fuller.

A highly unusual combination of materials is to be found in a simple but very beautiful brooch by Joaquim Capdevila of Barcelona, in which a piece of animal skin with golden hair is simply framed by a thin square strip of gold. Rock crystal has now been replaced with an entire-

ly new material, acrylic glass, which can also be produced in bands of colour; and which is a favourite with several jewellers here. It is particularly worth noting how it is used in the work of Hanau's Klaus Bury, (who has exhibited his graphic work in Jerusalem) to create "objects" that oscillate somewhere between painting and sculpture. Robert Smit of Delft also makes "jewellery objects" that are really miniature minimalist paintings.

The wide range of invention in this stunning and beautifully mounted show is matched by the uniform technical excellence, but the level of taste varies greatly. Some works approach real kitsch, while others are a little pretentious. But every piece offers something of interest and well repays study. This is not only a show which will be appreciated by the widest possible public, but also one which should greatly stimulate our own designers. A special vote of thanks must go to Dr. Fritz Falk of the Pforzheim Museum and to the German Embassy in Tel Aviv, which facilitated the transfer of the exhibits. The Paley Design Pavilion at the Israel Museum is certainly playing a major role in widening our horizons.

YEHUDA BACON, after an absence of some years from the Nora Gallery, Jerusalem, is again exhibiting there, this time oils on paper in a more abstract vein than hitherto. The approach is tachiste and calligraphic and often very well brought off, but not problematic enough in intent to provide sufficiently interesting solutions.

MARA BEN DOV, at the Jerusalem Artist House, shows friezes and sculptures in an unusual material: shaped, sewn and woven leather. Despite the innate attractiveness of the material, she has not got to grips with the basic structure required in any medium: organized composition. More's the pity, many of the works are simply cheaply figurative masks. The few drawings on show, again attractive in technique, also suffer from unresolved compositional difficulties.

Tales of Hofmann

Sara Breitberg

THE OPENING of two new exhibitions at the Tel Aviv Museum (Hans Hofmann, works on paper; Edward Weston, photographs) seems to symbolize the advent of a new era at the Museum, which has now been taken over by Marc Shepa. The new director is more aware of recent developments than his predecessor, and is more open to them; and these two shows may symbolize a readiness to familiarize the public with the pre-eminence of new art from America.

At the same time, the Hofmann show underlines the sad state of art affairs at our end of the world. At the very moment the Hirshhorn Museum in Washington is brimming with a giant Hofmann retrospective of the large oils which firmly fixed his reputation as a leading American abstract-expressionist, the poor cousin in Tel Aviv presents a show of gouaches on paper, limited in size and period.

Hofmann's stature is recognized in both Washington and Tel Aviv, but the Washington show will much more easily convince the casual visitor of his place in history. The gouaches in Tel Aviv do, nevertheless, attest to the fact that Hofmann was an outstanding artist, but it is hard to escape the feeling that the exhibit deals with only a marginal aspect of his work and may blur the image of his historical stature.

The question that arises is: should a museum here which wishes to show the work of a recognized artist be content with presenting an imported, pre-packaged exhibit (courtesy of the U.S. Cultural Center) which reflects only a part of his oeuvre and which may distort his true image?

A possible answer would be to concentrate on the acquisition of fewer but more complete presentations. The choice is a difficult one for a museum director, whose connections may exceed his financial possibilities.

THE HOFMANN gouaches on show date from 1943 to 1952, a period in which he was associated with other American and immigrant artists such as Rothko, de Kooning, Kline and others, who were developing the American school of abstract expressionism. In Hofmann's work

it is possible to detect parallels with Jackson Pollock, de Kooning and Rothko, and only the most careful research will ultimately reveal if he was their fount of inspiration or whether, with his usual virtuosity, he quickly assimilated aspects of their various characteristics.

Of all the action painters, Hofmann seemed the only one to find a compromise between lyrical and geometrical abstraction. While his colleagues preferred to work around a single main image in an immediately identifiable personal style, Hofmann would combine lyrical painting with geometry, automation and expressionism, sometimes all in one work. Being an outstanding artist, he often got away with the strangest marriages within a single canvas. He could also change his approach from canvas to canvas, and yet remain convincing most of the time. William Seltz has described his works as a "unique combination of mysticism, introversion, faith and intellectual precision."

HOFMANN WOULD present himself to his many students as a researcher of nature. Though he turned to abstraction during the Forties, he still saw nature as the only source of his inspiration, and understood art as a mission parallel to that of science, with the aim of revealing the sensitivities and mysticism in nature.

Hofmann's fame as a teacher preceded him from Germany; his legendary art schools are regarded as having indoctrinated a whole generation of Americans in abstract art (his students saw in him a sort of Zen master, who enlightened them through a sort of artistic shock treatment).

The Tel Aviv show reflects neither his versatility nor the mysticism inherent in his large canvases; nor are there sufficient examples of his mechanistic methods. But it is possible to see in the show the origins of Hofmann's inspiration, derived from his early contacts with modern art in Germany and France. Hofmann, the most European of all American artists, is still a rich experience, even in such limited circumstances.

The Weston show will be reviewed next week. Both exhibits will open at the Israel Museum in February. □ (Translated by Meir Ronnen; Gil Goldfine is on leave).



Hans Hofmann: mixed media painting on paper, 1948. (Tel Aviv Museum).

Stripped villain



Shlomo Bar-Shavit and Tova Pardo in Habimah's production of 'Richard III.'

THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

THE HERO of Shakespeare's *Richard III*, now being staged at Habimah, is a perfect dramatic creation — the completely evil man. Not one decent thought, not the slightest allusion to the good of others, enters his mind. With magnificent single-mindedness, he strives towards his goal — the crown.

With the freedom of one unencumbered by moral scruples, a cleverness which sets him above all those he has to deal with, and a charm which melts men, and women even more, he achieves his goal — but not for long. Towards the end of the play, Shakespeare the dramatist yields to Shakespeare the Christian moralist. Richard is punished as a villain, killed in battle for want of a horse — the most famous absent horse in theatrical history.

Scholars have long established that there is little resemblance, except for basic historical facts, between the real Richard III and the Richard III of the play. The play is based mainly on the biography written by Sir Thomas

More, a prejudiced witness if there ever was one. It was More who created the image of the physical monster — contemporary portraits show the king to have been a rather fine-looking man with intellectual, sensitive features and no indication of deformity — in keeping with the medieval belief about external ugliness reflecting moral turpitude. It was More who depicted Richard as the Devil incarnate, the embodiment of Satan with all his evil as well as all his persuasive charm.

Shakespeare's Richard is a villain among villains. Surrounded by barons only too willing to betray a friend and commit murder, by princes of the Church always ready to bend Christian commands to their masters' will, he is a virtuoso playing on their greed and lust for power, on their pettiness and stupidity.

He makes promises he doesn't intend to keep, he pits one little crook against another, he proves the unprovable, he is always in command of the situation. Nowhere does his genius for manipulating people manifest itself as splendidly as in the outrageous daring and successful wooing of Lady Anne at the funeral of the husband he himself

has killed. The grotesquely deformed swain, his hands dripping with the blood of the dead man, accomplishes a feat none of the stage Don Juans ever dared to attempt.

HABIMAH'S Shlomo Bar-Shavit in the role of his life — as it would be for any actor — is a rather contemporary Richard, stripped of all royal grandeur and tragic dimensions. He is merely a crook, but having been born into a royal family, the object of his crooked dealings is the crown. He has utter contempt, and with good reason, for all the people he has to deal with. The tone of his voice, the glances he throws, seem to be telling the audience, "See what a bunch of shnookes they are." Each time he pulls one of his cleverly calculated, vile tricks, his face assumes a self-satisfied, mocking expression: "Didn't I tell you it would work?" Far from being the traditional tragic monster, Bar-Shavit's Richard is the practitioner of an ethic which proclaims that in a world of knaves and fools, the only moral command is to play and win the game.

Richard III having been written around its eponymous hero, the present production emphasizes this fact, much of it by default. Apart from Bar-Shavit, none of the cast of nearly 40, not counting extras, delivers a performance worthy of note. Which is a pity, because the play contains so many rich parts; at least nine of them (King Edward IV, Queen Elizabeth, Clarence, Hastings, Buckingham, Rivers, Queen Margaret, Lady Anne, Richmond) are clearly delineated, fully realized personalities with existences independent of the central character.

Director David Levin who has admirably organized the show along low-keyed, anti-pageantry lines and has given the entire production a fine tempo and pace, seems to have paid little attention to the variety of characters which populate the play. His *Richard III* thus becomes lopsided and impoverished.

THERE ARE some very good scenes in the production, and some that disappoint. Richard's master-stroke, the scheme in which he, with the connivance of Buckingham, makes the burghers of London beg him to assume the throne, is full of Brechtian irony, showing the hero at the height of his diabolical power. Also, the battle scene is impressive in its economy, and there is high drama in Richard's final appearance, against an ominously lit sky, alone in the vastness of the stage, vainly crying out for the horse which could save his life and his crown.

On the other hand, I was let down by the scene in the Tower where Richard brings down Lord Hastings. The subtleties of Richard's manipulations are lost in the unskillful acting of the assembled peers.

I am glad to note that Habimah's production of *Richard III* is on the austere side. Eli Sinaï has kept the costumes rather simple, and his set emphasizes the space of the stage, with only a few necessary props added. I only wish he had carried this concept to its end; the iron structures on both sides of the stage are unnecessary and look as if they had been brought in from another show. The stage is beautifully and effectively lighted by Nathan Pant.

The text used is Raphael Eliraz's well-known translation, brought up to date by Tzira Attar. I wish the actors spoke it better. □

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